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THE
ANNALS
OF
HARPER'S FERRY,

FROM
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE NATIONAL ARMORY IN
1794, TO THE PRESENT TIME, 1869.

With Anecdotes of Harpers-Ferrians,

BY
JOSEPHUS, Jr.

Joseph Barry

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P R E F A C E .

This little volume has been written at the solicitation of many friends. Like its author, it has few pretensions to "style," and if it gets credit for *truth* the writer will be satisfied, as *that* is more than many histories now-a-days receive or deserve. The object of its publication is neither fame nor profit; for fond as the author may be of the first-born of his pen, he is not so blinded by parental affection as not to see that it deserves neither. It was written for amusement, and it is hoped, that with all its faults it may, to some extent, answer the same purpose with its readers.

It may, however, be very useful as a book of reference, and in *this* respect the author claims credit for his volume. He received his information respecting all the Superintendents up to Mr. Clowe from the most reliable sources. From the commencement of that gentleman's administration the author saw for himself.

If then, this little volume should give amusement or profitable information the author will be much pleased, and at all events he feels himself happy in the thought that while he *may be gratified he cannot be disappointed*.

THE AUTHOR.

Harper's Ferry, March 8th, 1869.

THE ANNALS OF HARPER'S FERRY.

CHAPTER I.

ITS INFANCY.

Harper's Ferry, including Bolivar, is a town which before the war contained a population of three thousand, nine-tenths of whom were whites. At the breaking out of the war nearly all the inhabitants left their homes, some casting their lots with the "Confederacy" and about an equal number with the old Government. On the restoration of peace comparatively few returned. Many colored people, however, who came at various times with the army from Southern Virginia have remained, so that the proportion of races is materially changed. The present population may be set down at sixteen hundred whites and four hundred blacks.

The town is situated in Jefferson county, West Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, at the base and in the very shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains. The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road crosses the Potomac at this place on a magnificent bridge, and the Winchester and Potomac Rail Road has its northern terminus in the town. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal also is in the immediate neighborhood.

The scenery around the place has long been celebrated for its grandeur, and Jefferson has immortalized it in a beautiful description said to have been written on a remarkable rock that commands a magnificent view of both rivers and their junction. The rock itself is a wonderful freak of nature and is regarded with veneration by the inhabitants not only for this, but for a tradition among them that, seated on it, Jefferson wrote his "Notes on Virginia." It is, therefore, called "Jefferson's Rock."

On one side of the town the Maryland Heights and on the other the Loudoun Heights frown majestically, and imagination might easily picture them as guardian giants defending the portals of the noble Valley of Virginia. Between these two ramparts, in a gorge of savage grandeur the lordly Potomac takes to

his embrace the beautiful Shenandoah. This is the scenery of which Jefferson said that a sight of it was worth a voyage across the Atlantic, and no person with the least poetry in his soul will consider his assertion extravagant. It is supposed by many that the whole Valley of Virginia was at one time a vast sea, and that during some convulsion of nature the imprisoned waters found an outlet at this place. Be this as it may, it is a scene of awful sublimity and well deserves the many panegyrics it has received from orator and poet.

In 1794, during the administration of General Washington, it was chosen as the site of a National Armory. It is said that the Great Father of his country himself suggested it as the location, having visited the place in person. This is a tradition of the place, and if it be true, it is characteristic of the most sagacious of men. The water power is immense, some people supposing it to be the finest in the world. The Valley of Virginia and that of Middletown, as well as the fertile plains of Loudoun, gave promise of an abundance of the necessities of life, and perhaps with the eye of prophecy he saw Rail Roads penetrating the bowels of the Alleghanies, and transporting their then hidden mineral treasures to aid in the proposed manufacture. In the year above mentioned Congress applied to the General Assembly of Virginia for permission to purchase the site, and by a vote of the latter permission was granted to purchase a tract not exceeding six hundred and forty acres. Accordingly a body of land containing one hundred and twenty-five acres was purchased from the heirs of Mr. Harper, a former proprietor, from whom the place takes its name. This tract is contained in a triangle formed by the two rivers and a line running from river to river along what is called "Union Street." Another purchase was made of three hundred and ten acres from a Mr. Rutherford. This tract is that on which the village of Bolivar now stands. In some time after, Congress, desiring to obtain the benefit of the fine timber growing on the Loudoun Heights, and not deeming it proper to ask any further grants from the State of Virginia leased in perpetuity of Lord Fairfax, proprietor of "the Northern Neck," the right to all the timber growing and to grow on a tract of thirteen hundred and ninety-five acres on the Loudoun Heights, immediately adjoining Harper's Ferry.

Thus prepared the Government commenced the erection of shops, and in 1796 a Mr. Perkins was appointed to the Superintendency. He is represented as having been an amiable, unsophisticated man, and tradition yet tells of his simplicity of dress and deportment. During his time nothing of moment occurred at the place. The town was yet in its infancy with very few denizens, and as the period antedates the time of that venerable gentleman, "the oldest inhabitant," little is known of what occurred at that period.

Mr. Perkins was succeeded in 1810 by James Stubblefield, a Virginian and a gentleman of the true Virginia stamp. His Superintendency was the longest of any in the annals of Harper's Ferry, having continued from 1810 till 1829, a period of nineteen years. Charges of a malicious though trivial kind having been brought against him a Court Martial was convened for their investigation, when he was honorably acquitted after a protracted trial. The proud Virginian, however, refused to continue in his place. He had been a benefactor to the people and had been treated with ingratitude by many; he had been honorably acquitted by a military tribunal, (always the most rigorous of Courts) his honor was satisfied and he voluntarily vacated the place.

In Mr. Stubblefield's time, about the year 1818, a gentleman of the State of Maine, named John H. Hall, invented a breech-loading gun, probably the first of the kind ever manufactured. He obtained a patent for his invention, and the Government, concluding to adopt the gun into their service, Mr. Hall was sent to Harper's Ferry to superintend its manufacture. Two buildings on the "Island" were set apart for him, and he continued to manufacture his gun in these shops until 1840, when he moved to Missouri. After this period other buildings were erected on the Island for the manufacture of the Minnie Rifle; but the place retained the name of "Hall's works," by which it was known in Mr. Hall's time. It was sometimes also called the "Rifle Factory." The reader will understand by the term "armory," used in this work, the main buildings on the Potomac. Although both ranges of shops were used for the manufacture of arms, custom designated the one as "the armory" and the

other was known by the title of the "Rifle Factory," or "Hall's works."

Mr. Hall was the father of the Hon. Willard Hall, a member of Congress from Missouri, and at one time Governor of that State. He was a high-toned gentleman and a man of great ability.

During Mr. Stubblefield's administration, in 1824, the "Bell Shop" of the armory was destroyed by fire. It got its name from its having the armory bell suspended in a turret which overtopped the roof. The origin of the fire was never discovered, but it is supposed that some sparks from a fire made in the yard for culinary purposes caused the conflagration.

Mr. Stubblefield was succeeded in 1829 by Colonel Dunn. This gentleman had formerly been connected with a manufacturing establishment at the mouth of Antietam Creek. His was a melancholy history. He was a strict disciplinarian, and indeed is represented as having been a martinet. The severity of his discipline offended several of the operatives and he paid with his life a heavy penalty for his harshness. A young man named Ebenezer Cox, an armorer, having given him offence for some breach of discipline he dismissed him from employment. It is said that Cox expressed contrition and made submission to Colonel Dunn who in violent language refused to be appeased, and displayed great vindictiveness by threatening with expulsion from the armory any operative who should shelter Cox in his house. Cox was an unmarried man and had no home of his own, and consequently this threat of the Superintendent caused him great distress. Thus driven to despair, Cox armed himself with a carbine and presented himself at the office of Colonel Dunn about noon on the 30th day of January, 1830. What conversation took place is unknown, but in a few moments a report of fire arms was heard. People rushed into Colonel Dunn's office and were met by his wife, who with loud lamentations informed them of the murder of her husband. The Colonel was found with a ghastly wound in the stomach. Life was just departing and no information could be got from him. Mrs. Dunn, it appears, was in another apartment and knew nothing except the fact of the murder. Suspicion, however, at once rested on Cox and diligent search was made for him, when he was discovered

in the "Wheel House." He made no resistance and he was immediately committed to Charlestown Jail. The body of Colonel Dunn was buried in Sharpsburg. There is a tradition that the day on which he was interred was the coldest ever experienced in this latitude. So severe indeed was the cold that it is thought to be of sufficient interest to be mentioned in the chronicles of the place. In the course of the following summer (August 27th) Cox was publicly executed near Charlestown, confessing his guilt and hinting at complicity on the part of some others. His assertion, however, was not considered of sufficient importance to form ground for indictment against others and there were no more prosecutions. This murder marks an era in the history of Harper's Ferry, and although many more important and thrilling events have since occurred there, this unfortunate occurrence still furnishes material for many a fire side tale, and the site of the house in which the murder was perpetrated is still pointed out as "unhallowed ground."

General George Rust succeeded Colonel Dunn in 1830. For the seven years that he superintended the armory nothing of any interest is recorded. He was rather popular with the employees and many survivors of his time speak well of his administration. It may be that the melancholy death of his predecessor cast a gloom on the place which operated to prevent the occurrence of any stirring events.

General Rust was succeeded in 1837 by Colonel Edward Lucas, a Virginian. He was an exceedingly amiable, generous and good man, although fiery and pugnacious when he deemed himself insulted. He was extremely popular, and the writer well remembers in after years his bent form walking or riding his mule along the streets of Harper's Ferry, lavishing kind expressions on old and young, and receiving in return the hearty good wishes of every one he met. The name of "Colonel Ed." was familiar as "a household word" at Harper's Ferry; and as he was respected in life so was he honored and lamented at his death, which occurred in 1858, while he occupied the position of Paymaster. Nothing of importance is chronicled as having occurred during Colonel Lucas' Superintendency. We will remark that Colonel Lucas and his predecessors, with military titles, were in reality civilians, being merely militia officers, or getting their

titles by courtesy. This remark is necessary for understanding the following.

CHAPTER II.

THE MILITARY SYSTEM.

Colonel Lucas was succeeded by Major Craig in 1841. He was an Ordnance officer, and of course, his education being military, he was inclined somewhat to that strictness of discipline which the most amiable men in military life soon learn to exact of their inferiors, having been taught to observe it themselves towards their superiors. There were two classes of operatives in the armory—day-workers and piece-workers. By an order of Major Craig the latter were obliged to work the same number of hours as the former. This order was deemed unjust by the piece-workers, as they considered themselves entitled to the privilege of working whatever time they chose. They claimed remuneration only for the work done, and in THEIR opinion it mattered little to the Government how many hours they were employed. The Superintendent thought otherwise, however, and hence arose *a causa teterrima belli*. For a long time the contest continued, and at length, in 1842, a large number of the operatives chartered a boat on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and proceeded to Washington to see the then President, John Tyler. It is supposed that Jason and his Argonauts, when they sailed in quest of the Golden Fleece, and Ulysses in his somewhat tedious voyage home from Troy, encountered more vicissitudes than usually happen to those “who go down to the sea in ships;” but those voyages were but pleasure trips compared with that of the adventurous Harper’s Ferrians. So fruitful indeed was it in romantic incidents and thrilling adventures that it will, no doubt, at some future day, form the theme of an Epic when a Harper’s Ferry Homer shall appear with genius adequate to the subject. Many a treacherous Scylla and Charybdis threatened them with shipwreck, many a Siren lured them to destruction, and in many

cases, alas! did the devoted mariners succumb to their fascinations. Many a laughter moving, side-splitting story is related at the expense of members of the crew by some of their companions, and on the whole this voyage marks a memorable era in the history of the place.

Arrived at length in Washington, they obtained an audience of the President, who received them in a style worthy of the head of a great nation and a Virginia gentleman. Compliments were exchanged and the President gave each of them a cordial shake of the hand, an honor which was duly appreciated, for it is related that one of the Harper's Ferrians, in a burst of enthusiasm, reached out a hand of enormous proportions and dubious color to meet that of the President, at the same time exclaiming, "Hallo, old Fellow, give us your Corn-stealer." This handsome compliment was, no doubt, very gratifying to the President, for he made them a speech in which he declared in the most emphatic manner that he considered the working-men as the bone and sinew of the land, and its dependence in war or peace; that he loved them as such, and that their interests should be his care. In this strain he continued for some time, but he suddenly threw cold water on the enthusiasm he at first created, by telling them "they must all go home and hammer out their own salvation." This figurative expression, and the allusion to that emblem of vulcanic labor, the hammer, were not received with the admiration which their wit deserved. It is said that many loud and deep curses were uttered by some enthusiastic but indiscreet piece-workers, and that the august presence of "Tyler too," had not the effect of awing the bold navigators into a suitable respect for the head of the nation. They returned home wiser if not better men, and from that period dates the bitter opposition of many Harper's Ferrians to the military system of Superintendency, which continued until its final overthrow in 1854. This contest is the chief event in the time of Colonel Craig.

He was succeeded in 1844 by Major John Symington, another military officer. Major Symington was an exceedingly eccentric man. His talents were undoubted and he got credit for many virtues, but eccentricity was his leading characteristic. His voice was of a peculiar intonation and his gestures grotesque, but withal he had a clear head and a good heart, and during his

administration many improvements were made at his suggestion, and the people were generally prosperous. The shops were remodeled, and many believe that he did more for the prosperity of Harper's Ferry than any other Superintendent. Those who knew him best, assert that his eccentricity was pretense and assumed for the gratification of a latent vein of humor. On the whole, he is remembered with very kind feelings.

In his time one of those exhibitions, rare at the time, but unfortunately too common now-a-days, a prize fight, took place at Harper's Ferry. The notorious Yankee Sullivan and an English bruiser named Ben Caunt, met by appointment there in 1846, and treated the people to one of their brutal exhibitions. Caunt came to Harper's Ferry several weeks before the fight, and there he went through his course of training. Sullivan arrived the night before the fight, and with him came a crowd of shoulder-hitters, pick-pockets and every species of infamous character. To use a homely phrase, "they took the town," and until the fight was over the utmost terror prevailed among the inhabitants. Sullivan won the fight, but the exhibition broke up in a row.

In the Summer of 1850, that fearful scourge, the Asiatic Cholera, made its appearance at Harper's Ferry and decimated the inhabitants. It is supposed that its ravages are generally confined to people of dissolute habits. It was not so in this case, for it visited the homes of rich and poor indiscriminately, and all classes suffered equally. It is estimated that over one hundred people perished by this visitation, and the town having been deserted by all that could conveniently do so, the business of the place suffered severely.

Major Symington was succeeded in 1851 by Colonel Benjamin Huger. His administration was not marked by any very important events. The excitement against the military system, that arose in the time of Colonel Craig, continued unabated. During Colonel Huger's Superintendency, in 1851, a sad accident occurred at Harper's Ferry. On the opening of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road from Cumberland to Fairmont, an excursion train, containing the principal officers of the road, proceeded from Baltimore to the then Western terminus, Fairmont. A number of Harper's Ferrians determined to give them a salute as they

passed their station, and with this purpose they loaded an old 12-pounder cannon which was kept at the armory for such occasions. Through some mismanagement there was a premature explosion, which caused the death of two colored men. One of them, named John Butler, was a veteran of the war of 1812, and was long a resident of Harper's Ferry. The other, named "Scipio," was, like Butler, an "institution" of the place. A third party, a man named James O'Loughlin, to whose want of foresight the accident is attributed, lost his life shortly afterwards by being run over by the Rail Road cars in front of the ticket office.

In 1852, on an order from the Secretary of War, the Government disposed of a considerable portion of its property at Harper's Ferry to employees of the armory. Many of them desired to purchase houses, and the Government deemed it politic to encourage them in so doing. It insured a number of prudent, sober and steady mechanics for employment in the Government service, men who, having an interest in the place, would consult the well being of society there and would feel the more attached to the government service. Many houses and lots were, therefore, disposed of at a public sale in 1852, and at the same time many donations were made by the Government for religious, educational and town purposes.

In 1852 there was a remarkable inundation at Harper's Ferry. The Winter of 51-52 was exceedingly severe. From November until April the snow lay deep on the ground, and when about the middle of the latter month, there was a heavy warm rain for several days, the snow suddenly melted and an unprecedented flood was the consequence. The Potomac, swollen by a thousand tributaries, the smallest of which might, at the time, aspire to the dignity of a river, rolled in an irresistible tide and was met by the Shenandoah with the accumulated waters of the whole Valley of Virginia. The town was literally submerged, and large boats were propelled with oar and pole along the principal streets. Much damage was, of course, done to property, but no loss of life is recorded. A similar inundation is chronicled as having taken place in 1832, and it is believed that every twenty years the town is partially submerged. It may be observed that Colonel Huger afterwards became a General in the Confederate

service, and obtained an unenviable notoriety for mismanagement of the force under his command in the seven days' fight before Richmond.

Colonel Huger was succeeded in 1854, by Major Bell, who was the last of the military Superintendents. He "reigned" but a few months, the Government having decided about the end of that year to change the system of armory Government back from military to civil. There was great rejoicing among the anti-military men, and a corresponding depression among those of the opposite party, for the military system had many friends, although they were in a minority.

CHAPTER III.

THE CIVIL SYSTEM REVIVED.

Major Bell was succeeded, early in 1855, by Henry W. Clowe, a native of Prince William County, Virginia, and a very worthy mechanic, who had been employed for many years before as master mill-wright in the Armory. He was a man of a very impulsive nature, with all the virtues and many of the faults of such men. His temper was high, but he was generous to a fault; and never did Harper's Ferry enjoy greater prosperity than under his administration. Whether this was owing to his good management or not, is a question which each man will decide according to his partialities: but the fact of the prosperity of Harper's Ferry at that time is undoubted. Having been long associated with the men under him as an equal he had many difficulties to encounter to which a stranger would not be exposed. It is probable, however, that his greatest trouble arose from the intrigues of politicians. He had a quarrel with the then representative in Congress from the district in which Harper's Ferry is situated, and by his influence, or that of some other person, Mr. Clowe was removed.

During Mr. Clowe's administration, in the Spring of 1856, a tragical occurrence took place at Harper's Ferry. Two men, whose names, for obvious reasons, we will not mention, had a quarrel, originating in drunkenness, when one of them struck the

other with a four pound weight on the head, breaking his skull in several places. The wounded man lay in a comatose state for some hours, when he died. The other party was arrested immediately and conveyed to Charlestown Jail to await trial. Having concealed a small pistol on his person he blew his own brains out in a few minutes after being lodged in jail, and his spirit arrived at the Great Judgment Seat almost as soon as that of his victim.

In the Summer of 1858 (June 10th) a melancholy accident occurred in the armory yard, whereby Mr. Thomas Cunningham, a very worthy man, lost his life. A very curious circumstance happened in connection with this accident. The mishap occurred in the morning, and about 9 o'clock the writer of these pages was passing the armory gate, when he encountered a very respectable citizen of the place, who in an excited manner asked him if he had heard of any accident in the shops or yard. Having heard of none, the writer eagerly inquired what the other had heard. He replied that he had HEARD of no accident, but that he was certain somebody was or would be hurt that day, for he had seen in his dreams the night before several men at work in a deep excavation in the armory yard, when he noticed particles of clay falling from the sides and a big rock starting to fall on the men. In his endeavors to give notice to the parties in danger he awoke, and this was his ground for believing that somebody would be injured that day. Politeness alone prevented the writer from laughing outright at what he considered puerility in his friend. He reasoned with him on the absurdity of a belief in dreams and other superstitions. While they were yet talking, a man ran out from the armory in breathless haste and inquired for a doctor. On being questioned, he replied that Mr. Cunningham had been crushed by a rock falling on him in an excavation he was making, and that Mr. Edward Savin also had been badly hurt. Mr. Cunningham lived but a few minutes after being injured, and thus was the dream literally verified. Whether this was merely a coincident or a psychological phenomenon, let every one judge for himself. There is high authority for believing that "coming events cast their shadows before," and the above, for which the writer can vouch, would certainly appear to confirm the truth of what every man believes in his heart, but few dare to assert, for fear of incurring ridicule. The circumstance convinced the writer that verily

there are many things transpiring daily which "do not enter into anybody's philosophy,"

Mr. Clowe was succeeded in January, 1859, by Alfred M. Barbour, a young lawyer from Western Virginia, whose administration was the most eventful of all, as it was during that period the great Civil War broke out, which, it is well known, caused the total destruction of the armory works. Other remarkable events, however, occurred in Mr. Barbour's time, which were precursors of the subsequent great evils, and foreshadowed the final catastrophe. These we will narrate in the next chapter.

On the 28th of June, 1859, a fierce tornado swept over Harper's Ferry. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon a thunder storm came up, and two clouds were noticed to approach each other, driven by two currents of wind from opposite directions. When they encountered one another, a fierce flash of lightning, accompanied by an appalling thunder peal, lit up the heavens. Rain poured down in cataracts, and as if Æolus had suddenly released all his noisy subjects, the winds rushed from all quarters of the Heavens and encountered each other in the gap through which the Potomac finds its way to the Ocean. In the conflict a fine covered bridge that crossed the Shenandoah, about five hundred yards above its mouth, was lifted from its piers and completely overturned into the bed of the stream. Mrs. Sloan, a respectable old lady happened to be on the bridge at the time, and, of course, was carried with it. She was found shortly after standing upright in a shallow place of the river, completely covered over with the debris of the wrecked bridge, but fortunately and miraculously she received very little injury.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BROWN RAID.

During the Summer of 1859 a party of strange men made their appearance at Sandy Hook, a small village in Washington county, Maryland, in the immediate vicinity of Harper's Ferry. With them was an old man of venerable appearance and austere demeanor, who called himself Smith. They represented themselves as prospecting for minerals, and took frequent and long rambles with this ostensible purpose over the various peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. It has long been believed that in the earth beneath the wild crags of the Maryland and Loudoun Heights, mines of different metals and fabulous value are hidden, awaiting the eye of science and the hand of industry to discover and develop them. Several of the citizens of the place have from time to time supposed they had discovered them, and no small excitement has been aroused at various times on this account. Specimens of different kinds of ore, or what were supposed to be such, were sent to Boston and subjected to chemical analysis, when very favorable reports were returned by the most eminent chemists and geologists of the Athens of America. No wonder, therefore, was felt at the appearance of this party, and their rambles over the tortuous and difficult paths of the mountains excited no suspicion. They at first boarded at the house of Mr. Ormond Butler, where their conduct was unexceptionable. They paid in gold for whatever they purchased, and as their manners were courteous to all they were, on the whole, very popular. After a few weeks' stay at Sandy Hook they removed to what is called the "Kennedy Farm," about five miles from Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side of the Potomac, where they established their headquarters. While at the Kennedy Farm, Smith and his party, among whom there were three of his sons, made themselves very agreeable to their neighbors, and they were as popular there as they had been at Sandy Hook. The father was regarded as a man of stern morality, devoted to Church exercises, and the sons, with the others of the party, as good natured, amiable young men. Thus things continued 'till the night of Sunday, October 16th, 1859. On that night, a little after 10 o'clock, Mr. William Williams, one of the watch

men on the Rail Road bridge, was surprised to find himself taken prisoner by an armed party, consisting of about twenty men, who suddenly made their appearance from the Maryland side of the river. No explanations were given. The party then proceeded to the armory enclosure, taking with them their prisoner, leaving, however, two men to guard the bridge. They next captured the watchmen at the armory and took possession of that establishment. The party then divided themselves into two bodies, one remaining in the armory and the other proceeding to the Rifle Factory, half a mile up the Shenandoah, where they captured Mr. Samuel Williams, an old and highly respected man, who was in charge of the buildings as night watchman. He was conducted to the armory, where the other prisoners were confined, and a detachment of the strangers was left to supply his place. About 12 o'clock, Mr. Patrick Higgins of Sandy Hook, arrived on the bridge for the purpose of relieving Mr. William Williams. He found all in darkness, and suspecting that something had gone wrong with Williams he called loudly for him. To his astonishment he was ordered to halt, and two men presented guns at his breast, at the same time telling him he was their prisoner. One of them undertook to conduct him to the armory, but on arriving near the Virginia end of the bridge, the hot-blooded Celt struck his captor a stunning blow with his fist, and before the stranger could recover from the effects of the blow he succeeded in escaping to Foulke's hotel, where he eluded all pursuit. Several shots were fired after him without effect, and he attributes his safety to the fact that his pursuers stumbled, in the darkness, over some cross pieces in the bridge.

About this time a party of the invaders went to the houses of Messrs. Washington and Alstadt, living a few miles from Harper's Ferry, and took them and some of their slaves as prisoners, conducting them to the general rendezvous for their captives, the armory enclosure. From the house of Mr. Washington they took some relics of the Great Washington and the Revolution, which the proprietor, of course, very highly prized. Among them was a sword, said to be the same that was sent to General Washington by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, as a present (as an inscription on it said) from the oldest General of the time to the best. All through the night great excitement existed among such of the citizens as became cognizant of these facts. About 1 o'clock,

the eastern bound Express train on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road arrived, in charge of conductor Phelps. The train was detained by order of the leader of the band and the telegraph wires were cut. The object of these orders was, of course, to prevent news of these proceedings being spread. The train was, however, allowed to proceed after a considerable delay. While the train was at Harper's Ferry great excitement, of course, existed among the passengers, who were naturally astonished at these novel proceedings. Several shots were exchanged between the attacking force and some parties unknown, but no person was injured.

Some time in the course of the night, Heywood Shepherd, a colored porter at the Rail Road office, walked towards the bridge, impelled, no doubt, by curiosity to understand the enigma. He was ordered to halt by the guards at the bridge, and being seized with a panic and running back, was shot through the body. He succeeded in reaching the Rail Road office, where he died, next day at 3 o'clock, in great agony. A little before day-light, some early risers were surprised to find themselves taken prisoners, as soon as they appeared on the streets, and marched to the armory. Among them was James Darrell, aged about sixty years, the bell-ringer at the armory, whose duties, of course, compelled him to be first at his post. It being yet dark he carried a lantern. When near the armory gate he was halted by an armed negro, one of the invading party, and Darrell not dreaming of what was transpiring, and mistaking his assailant for one of Mr. Fouke's negroes on "a bender," struck him with his lantern and consigned his "black soul" to the warmest climate he could think of. The negro presented a Sharp's rifle at Darrell, and, no doubt, the situation of bell-ringer at Harper's Ferry armory would very soon have been vacant, had not a white man belonging to the party caught the gun and prevented the negro from carrying out his intention. Another white man of the party, however, came up and struck Darrell on the side with the butt end of his gun injuring him severely. Darrell was then dragged before the "Captain," who, pitying his age and his bodily sufferings, dismissed him on a sort of parole. Mr. Walter Kemp, an aged, infirm man, bar-tender at Mr. Fouke's hotel, was, about this time, taken a prisoner and consigned to Limbo with the others.

It was now daylight, and the armorers proceeded singly and in parties of two and three from their various homes to work at the

armory. They were gobbled up in detail and marched to prison, lost in astonishment at these proceedings, and many, perhaps, doubting if they were not yet asleep and dreaming. Many of the officers of the armory were captured, but the Superintendent not being in town at the time, the invaders missed what, no doubt, would have been to them a much desired prize. About this time Mr. George W. Cutshaw, an old and estimable citizen, proceeded from his house on High Street towards the bridge in company with a lady who was on her way to Washington, and whom Mr. Cutshaw was escorting across the bridge to the place where the Canal packet boat, on which the lady intended to travel, was moored. He passed along unmolested until he disposed of the lady, but on his return he encountered on the bridge several armed apparitions, one of them, an old man of commanding presence, appearing to be the leader. Mr. Cutshaw, who is a man of "infinite jest," relates in the humorous manner peculiar to himself, how he, on first seeing them, took up the idea that a great robbery had been committed somewhere, and that the tall, stern figure before him was some famous detective employed to discover and arrest the robbers, while the minor figures were his assistants. He was halted, but being in a hurry for breakfast was moving on, when he received another and peremptory challenge. At last he impatiently said, "Let me on, what do I know about your robberies?" These were unfortunate words for him, as they gave the chieftain the idea that his party were suspected of an intention to plunder. Cutshaw was immediately marched off to the armory among the other prisoners, and the "Captain" kept a close eye on him all day.

A little before 7 o'clock, Mr. Alexander Kelly approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, armed with a shot gun, for the purpose of having a shot at the invaders. No sooner did he turn the corner than two shots were fired at him, and a bullet was sent through his hat. Immediately afterwards Mr. Thomas Boerly approached the corner with the same purpose. He was a man of Herculian strength and great personal courage. He discharged his gun at some of the invaders that were standing at the Arsenal gate, when a shot was fired at him from behind the Arsenal fence by one of the party concealed there. The bullet penetrated his groin, inflicting a ghastly wound, of which he died in a few hours.

The writer of these annals met with an adventure which, though it may have partaken of romance, of which he is very fond, was anything but agreeable. Partaking of the general curiosity to know what it was all about, he imprudently walked down High to Shenandoah street. He encountered four armed men at the Arsenal gate—two white and two black. Not being conscious of any guilt he thought he need not fear anybody. The four guards saluted him civilly, and one of the white men asked him if he owned any slaves. On his answering in the negative, the strangers told him there was a movement on foot that would benefit him and all persons who did not own such property. The writer passed on, strongly impressed with the idea that, sure enough, there was something up. He then looked in at the prisoners, among whom was Mr. Thomas Gallaher, to whom he spoke. The leader of the party approached him and ordered him off the street, telling him that it was against military law to talk to prisoners. Not conceiving that he had any right to order him off so unceremoniously, and not being at the best of times of a very patient temper, the historian refused to comply, when a pistol was presented at his breast, which obliged him to “duck” a little and put a brick wall that encloses the armory between him and the pistol. The “Captain” then called out to the same four men, whom the writer encountered at the Arsenal gate, and who were not thirty yards away, to arrest him. Not relishing imprisonment much more than being shot, our historian “dodged” up the alley-way that runs along the side wall of the armory. He saw the four men raise their Sharp’s rifles to shoot at him, and in order to disconcert their aim he took a zig-zag course, which probably would not be enough to save him from four bullets shot after him in a narrow alley, had not aid come from an unexpected quarter. And now for the romance: A colored woman, who was crouched in a door-way in the alley, rushed out between him and the guns and extending her arms begged of the men not to shoot. They did not shoot, and the present generation has not lost, and posterity will not be deprived, of this history, a calamity which their shooting would probably have entailed. The writer has always claimed great credit to himself for presence of mind in thinking of the “zig-zag” under those trying circumstances; but his friends maliciously insinuate that ABSENCE of body did more to save him than PRESENCE of mind.

He takes consolation to himself, however, by comparing himself to the great John Smith, the first explorer of Virginia, who was once in an equally bad "fix," and was saved by the interposition of another dusky maiden.

It was now breakfast time, and the Captain sent an order to Fouke's Hotel for refreshments for his men. It is not known what the state of his exchequer was, but he did not pay for the breakfasts in any usual species of currency. He released Walter, familiarly called Watty Kemp, the bar-tender, and he announced this as the equivalent he was willing to pay. It is to be feared that Mr. Fouke did not duly appreciate the advantages he gained by this profitable bargain, and it may be that "Uncle Watty" himself did not feel much flattered at the estimate put on him, and his being considered an equivalent for twenty breakfasts. Be this as it may, the bargain was struck and the grub provided.

Up to this time no person, except the prisoners, could tell who the party were. To the prisoners, however, as was afterwards ascertained, the party confessed their purpose of liberating the slaves of Virginia, and freedom was offered to any captive who would furnish a negro man as a recruit for the "Army of the Lord." As there was no communication allowed between the prisoners and their friends, the people generally were yet ignorant of the names, numbers and purposes of the strangers, and as may well be imagined, Madam Rumor had plenty of employment for her hundred tongues. Soon, however, they were recognized by some as the mineral explorers, and suspicion at once rested on a man named John E. Cook, who had been sojourning at Harper's Ferry for some years in various capacities, and who had married into a respectable family there. He had been seen associating with the Smith party, and as he had often been heard to boast of his exploits in the "Kansas war," on the "Freesoil" side, it was instinctively guessed that he and the Smiths were connected in some project for freeing the slaves, and this opinion was confirmed by the fact of there being armed negroes in the party. Shortly after a new light broke on the people, and it was ascertained that the Captain was no other than the redoubtable John Brown, of Kansas notoriety. About 9 o'clock the people had recovered from their amazement and furnished themselves with arms. This was no easy matter, as the Arsenal and nearly all the store-houses were

in the possession of the enemy. It was recollected, however, that some time before, a lot of guns had been removed from the place where they were usually stored, in order to protect them from the river, which, at the time, had overflowed its banks and encroached on the armory buildings. Enough was procured from this lot to equip a few small companies of citizens, and a desultory engagement commenced around the armory buildings and the adjacent streets, which continued all day. The Rifle Factory was also attacked, and the party there were soon driven into the Shenandoah, where they all perished by the bullets of the citizens or by drowning, except one, a negro named Copeland, who was taken prisoner. At the armory, however, where Brown commanded in person, a more determined resistance was made. Brown had told several of his prisoners, in the course of the morning, that he expected large reinforcements, and when about 12 o'clock a strong force was seen marching down the river on the Maryland side, great excitement prevailed, it being supposed these were some of the expected reinforcements. It was soon ascertained, however, that they were a company of Harper's Ferrians, under Captain William Moore, who had crossed the river about a mile above Harper's Ferry, and marched down in order to take possession of the bridge and cut off Brown's retreat. Brown now plainly saw that the fortunes of the day were against him, and he, therefore, sent two of his prisoners, Messrs. A. M. Kitzmiller and Resin Cross, under guard of two of his men, to negotiate with Captain Moore for permission to vacate the place with his men without molestation. The two ambassadors proceeded with their guards towards the bridge; but as they came near the "Gault House," several shots were fired from that building, by which the two Raiders were very severely wounded and put *hors d'combat*. One of them contrived to make his way back to the armory, but the other was unable to move, and Messrs. Kitzmiller and Cross helped him into Mr. Fouke's Hotel, where his wounds were dressed. It may well be imagined that neither Mr. Kitzmiller nor Mr. Cross returned to captivity. Brown finding that his doves did not return with the olive branch, and despairing of success, called in from the streets the survivors of his party, and picking out nine of the most prominent of his prisoners as hostages, he retreated with his men into a small brick building near

the Armory gate, called the "Engine House," taking with him his nine prisoners. A company arrived about this time from Martinsburg, who, with some citizens of Harper's Ferry and the surrounding country, made a rush on the Armory and released the great mass of the prisoners, not, however, without suffering some loss in wounded, caused by a galling fire kept up by the enemy from the Engine House. They had pierced the walls for musketry, and through these holes kept up a brisk fire, by which they not only wounded the Martinsburg men and the Harper's Ferrians, but some Charlestown men also.

Before Brown's men retreated off the streets into the Engine House, two of them approached the corner of High and Shenandoah streets, where Mr. Boerly had been shot in the morning. It was then about 2 o'clock, and Mr. George Turner, a very respectable gentleman of Jefferson county, who had come to town on private business, was standing at the door of William Moore's house, on High street, about one hundred yards from the corner. He was in the act of resting a gun on a board partition near the door to shoot at these men, when a bullet from the rifle of one of them struck him on the shoulder, the only part of him exposed. The bullet, after taking an eccentric course, entered his neck and killed him almost instantly. A physician who examined him describes the wound as of a most singular kind, the bullet having taken a course altogether at variance with the laws supposed to regulate such projectiles.

When Mr. Turner was shot, the two men instantly retreated, and a ludicrous occurrence took place, if, indeed, any event of that ill-omened day can be supposed calculated to excite merriment. Mr. John McClenen, a citizen of Harper's Ferry, shot after them, and his bullet striking the cartridge box of one of them as he was approaching the armory gate, an explosion of his ammunition took place, and he entered the gate amid a display of fire works of a novel description. He did not much relish the honor paid him, and with accelerated pace he took refuge in the Engine House with his companions.

After they were all housed up in their fortress they killed another very valuable citizen, Fountain Beckham, Esq., for many years Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road at Harper's Ferry, and long a magistrate of Jefferson county. Being a man

of nervous temperament, he was naturally much excited by the occurrences of the day. Moreover, Haywood Shepherd, the negro shot on the bridge the previous night, had been his faithful servant, and he was naturally much grieved and very indignant at his death. He crept along the Rail Road under shelter of a water station which then stood there, and peeped 'round the corner of the building at the Engine House opposite. A bullet from one of Brown's men penetrated his heart and he died instantly. A man named Thompson, said to be Brown's son-in-law, had been taken prisoner a short time before by the citizens, and was confined in Mr. Fouke's Hotel under guard. It was the intention of the citizens to hand him over to the civil authorities for trial, but the death of Mr. Beckham so exasperated them, that the whole current of their feelings was changed. They rushed into the hotel, seized Thompson, dragged him to the bridge and riddled him with bullets. He, however, tried to escape by letting himself drop through the bridge into the river. He had been left for dead, but it appears he had vitality enough left to accomplish this feat. He was discovered and a shower of bullets was discharged at him. He was either killed or drowned, as he could be seen for a day or two after lying at the bottom of the river with his ghastly face still exhibiting his fearful death-agony.

Another of the Raiders, named Lehman, attempted to escape from the upper end of the armory yard by swimming or wading the Potomac. He had reached a rock a short distance from the shore, when he was shot and killed by a citizen of Harper's Ferry. *His* body also lay for some time where he fell.

A little before dark, Brown asked if any of his prisoners would volunteer to go out among the citizens and induce them to cease firing on the Engine House, as they were endangering the lives of their friends who were prisoners. He promised on *his* part that if there was no firing on his party there should be none by them. Mr. Israel Russell undertook the dangerous duty, and the citizens were induced to cease firing, in consideration of the risk they incurred of injuring the prisoners. Like Messrs. Kitzmiller and Cross, Mr. Russell, it may well be supposed, did not return to captivity.

It was now dark and the wildest excitement existed in the

town, especially among the friends of the killed, wounded and prisoners. It had rained a little all day and the atmosphere was raw and cold. Now a cloudy and moonless sky hung like a pall over the scene of conflict, and on the whole a more dismal night cannot well be imagined. Guards were stationed round the Engine House to prevent Brown's escape, and as forces were constantly arriving from Winchester, Frederick, Maryland, and other places, the town soon assumed quite a military appearance. The authorities in Washington had, in the meantime, been notified, and in the course of the night Colonel Robert E. Lee, afterwards the famous General of the Southern Confederacy, arrived with a force of United States Marines to protect the Government interests and capture or kill the invaders. About 11 o'clock, Brown again endeavored to open negotiations for a safe conduct for himself and his men out of the place. Col. Shriver and Captain Sinn, of the Frederick troops, had a conference with him, which did not result in anything satisfactory. About 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning Colonel Lee demanded a surrender, and on Brown's refusal, an assault was made by the Marines under Lieutenant Greene. They at first tried to break open the door with sledge hammers, but failing, they picked up a ladder that lay near, and with this they succeeded in making a breach. Through a narrow aperture thus made Lieutenant Greene squeezed himself, but found that the insurgents had barricaded the door with a fire engine and hose that were in the building. Over these Lieutenant Greene scrambled, followed by his men, and attacked Brown, who, with his party, was fortified behind the engine. After the marines had effected a breach and commenced rushing in, the insurgents fired on them, and one of them, Luke Quinn, was mortally, and another slightly, wounded. Brown's men were all bayoneted or captured, but fortunately none of the prisoners received any injury. Their escape was indeed miraculous, as it was difficult for the marines to distinguish them from the insurgents. Brown himself was severely wounded by Lieutenant Greene, and was taken to another building, where his wounds were dressed. He received a cut on the head and a sword thrust in the shoulder. Two or three survivors of his men were kept in the Engine House under guard.

The bodies of the slain raiders were buried in one grave,

on the southern bank of the Shenandoah, about half a mile above Harper's Ferry, and the prisoners, Brown included, were lodged in Charlestown Jail. Some had, however, escaped, and Cook had not been seen at all in the fray. There was satisfactory evidence, however, of his having been connected with the party, and it was soon ascertained that he, Owen Brown, one of old John's sons, and others had been detailed to operate on the Maryland shore, and that they had seized a school house, taken the Domine prisoner and driven away the pupils, for the purpose of establishing a depot of arms at a point convenient to Harper's Ferry. It was also ascertained that they had all the day of the 17th kept up a fire from the Maryland Heights on the people of the town, and that late in the evening Cook had got supper at the Canal Lock House, on the Maryland side of the river. It was, moreover, supposed that finding the fate of the day against them, they had fled towards Pennsylvania. A large body of men under Captain Edmond Chambers, an old citizen and a man of well known "pluck," marched towards the school house and the Kennedy farm, and at each place they found a large number of Sharpe's rifles, pistols, swords, &c., with a considerable quantity of powder, percussion caps and equipments of various kinds. They also found a great number of papers, which tended to throw light on the conspiracy, and several hundred printed copies of a form of Provisional Government to be set up by Brown, once he got a footing in Virginia. Among the arms were several hundred pikes of a peculiar form, intended for the hands of the negroes, who were expected to turn out at the first signal and strike for liberty. It should have been remarked before, that Brown put into the hands of some of his negro prisoners some of those pikes, but up to the time of the discovery of the magazine at the Kenedy farm, the object of this novel weapon was not generally understood.

The Governor of Virginia, Henry A. Wise, had, in the meantime, arrived. He immediately took every precaution to secure his prisoners and the State against any attempt from the many allies Brown was supposed to have in the North. To him Brown confessed the whole plan for liberating the slaves, and indeed he had all along communicated his intentions to his prisoners, but as there was no communication between them and the other

citizens till late on Monday evening, the people generally were, as before remarked, up to that time in ignorance of his purposes. Governor Wise, who is himself a brave man, could not refrain from expressing admiration for Brown's undaunted courage, and it is said that he pronounced him honest, truthful and brave.

Harper's Ferry was now patrolled every night by details of citizens until the execution of Brown, which took place near Charlestown, December 2nd, 1859. A force of United States troops was also stationed at Harper's Ferry and gradually quiet was restored. Cook, and another Raider named Albert Hazlett, were arrested in Pennsylvania and brought back on requisitions. Cook and another white man named Edwin Coppie, with two negroes named Greene and Copeland, were executed on the 16th of December, in the same year, and Hazlett and Stevens (both white) met the same fate on the 16th of March, 1860.

Brown died with unshaken fortitude, and bitter as the animosity against him was, his courage, or rather stoical indifference, elicited the admiration even of his enemies. Indeed it is difficult at the present time to do justice to the character of this remarkable man; but, do^{we} doubt, the future historians of this country, who will write when the passions that excite us have subsided, or are forgotten, will class him with the Scotch Covenanters of the 17th Century. It has always struck the writer that John Brown very closely resembled John Balfour, of Burly, whose character is so finely portrayed in Scott's "Old Mortality." The same strong will and iron nerve, and the same fanaticism characterized these two men; and it must be said of both that while no sane person could approve of their actions, their bitterest enemies cannot deny a tribute of respect to their unflinching courage. The other prisoners also died bravely, and indeed it was a melancholy thing to see men of so much stamina lose their lives in such a foolish and wicked enterprize.

An attempt to escape was made by Cook and Coppie on the night before their execution. By some means they escaped from the cell in which they were confined, and succeeded in climbing the outer wall of the Jail, when they were challenged by a citizen guard, who was posted outside, and their farther progress prevented. They were immediately taken back to their cell and closely guarded till morning.

A characteristic anecdote was related by the late Mr. Campbell, who was Sheriff of Jefferson county during the Brown troubles. It will be remembered that on the morning of the Raid, Brown got breakfast for his men at Mr. Fouke's Hotel, and as an equivalent restored to liberty Mr. Kemp, the bar-tender, whom he had taken prisoner. A short time before Brown's execution, Sheriff Campbell sold some property belonging to Brown, which was found at the Kennedy farm, and was accounting to him for it and naming some claims presented against him by various parties with whom he had dealings. Among those claims was one by Mr. Fouke for the breakfasts before mentioned. Brown was reclining on his bed, not having yet recovered from his wounds, and, no doubt, with the shadow of his certain fate darkening his spirit. He listened apathetically to the list of claims until that of Mr. Fouke was mentioned, when he suddenly rose up and protested against the demand. "Why, Mr. Campbell," said he, "I made a fair bargain with Mr. Fouke; I restored him his bar-tender as pay for the refreshments referred to, and I do not think it honorable of him to violate the contract." Mr. Campbell replied: "Why, Mr. Brown, I wonder at you; I thought you were opposed to trading in human flesh, but now I find that you will do it like other people when it suits your convenience." A grim smile played for a moment 'round his firmly compressed mouth. He lay down again, quietly, and remarked; "Well, there may be something in THAT too." He made no farther opposition to the claim.

On the morning of his execution he bade an affectionate farewell to his fellow captives, with the exception of Cook, whom he charged with deception. It is said that he gave to each of them a silver quarter of a dollar as a memento, and told them to meet their fate courageously. He pretended not to know Hazlett at all, but this was understood by all who were present to be done in order to aid Hazlett, whose trial had not yet come off and who pretended that he knew nothing about Brown, or the Raid on Harper's Ferry. It will be remembered that he was arrested in Pennsylvania some time after the Raid, and, of course, his defence, if he had any, would be an alibi.

Brown's wife arrived at Harper's Ferry shortly before his execution, and to her his body was delivered for burial. He was

buried in the State of New York, where he had resided for some years. His wife was a very intelligent woman, and did not appear to sympathize with her husband's wild notions on the subject of slavery. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry, she expressed the opinion that Brown had contemplated this or a similar raid for thirty years, although he never mentioned the subject to her. The bodies of Cook, Coppie, Hazlett and Stevens were also delivered to friends, and it is said that the two latter are buried near the residence of a benevolent Quaker lady in New Jersey, who deeply sympathized with them and the cause in which they suffered.

The gallows on which John Brown was hung must have been a vast fabric, and the rope that hung him as long as the Equinoctial line, or else both had some miraculous powers of reproduction. Of the many thousands of soldiers that were from time to time stationed in Jefferson county, from the day of Brown's execution till the last soldier disappeared, more than a year after the War, almost every man had a portion of either as a souvenir of his sojourn in Virginia. The writer saw pieces of wood and fragments of rope, purporting to have formed parts of them, enough to build and rig a 74 Gun ship. If the soldiers BELIEVED they had the genuine articles, they were as contented as they would be if they had the reality, and it would be cruelty to undeceive them.

The names of the Raiders, as well as could be ascertained, were as follows: John Brown, Watson Brown, Oliver Brown, Owen Brown, Aaron D. Stevens, Edwin Coppie, Barclay Coppie, Albert Hazlett, John E. Cook, Stuart Taylor, William Lehman, William Thompson, John Kagi, Charles P. Tydd, Oliver Anderson, Jeremiah Anderson, Dolph Thompson, Dangerfield Newby, Shields Greene, John Copeland and Lewis Leary, of whom the four last were negroes or mulattoes.

John Brown was fifty-nine years old, about five feet eleven inches in height, large boned and muscular, but not fleshy. He gave indications of having in his youth possessed great physical strength. His hair had been a dark brown, but at this period it was gray. His beard was long, and on the memorable day of the Raid it hung in snowy waves to his breast, giving to his aquiline features a singularly wild appearance. His eyes were

of a dark hazel, and burned with a peculiar light that gave promise of a quick temper and daring courage. His head, as it appeared to the writer, was of a conical shape, and on the whole, his physique well corresponded with the traits of his character. He was a native of Connecticut.

There was confusion respecting the identity of his two sons, Watson and Oliver. They were both mortally wounded on the 17th. One of them, a young man apparently about twenty-three years of age, of low stature, with fair hair and blue eyes, was shot in the groin and died in the course of the next night in the Engine House, while the party had still possession of it. It is said that he suffered terrible agony, and called on his companions to put him out of pain by shooting him. His father, however, manifested no feeling on the occasion beyond remarking that "he must have patience, that he was dying in a good cause, and that he should meet his fate like a brave man." The other was a tall man, about six feet in height, with very black hair. He also, as above stated, was wounded in the skirmish of the 17th, and he died next morning after the Marines had got possession of the Engine House. He was one of the two men who were wounded from the "Gault House." When he died his father was a prisoner and badly wounded. On learning that one of his men had just died, he sent out to enquire if it was his son, and on being informed that it was, he manifested the same stoicism, and made the same, or a similar remark, as on the death of the other son. As above remarked, there is a doubt as to which of these men was Watson and which Oliver.

Owen Brown was one of those detailed to operate in Maryland. He was not in the fray, but made his escape and was never captured. We cannot, therefore, give a description of his personal appearance.

Aaron D. Stevens was a remarkably fine looking young man of about thirty. He was about five feet ten inches in height, heavily built and of great symmetry of form. His hair was black, and his eyes of dark hazel had a very penetrating glance. He was said to be a desperate character, and for some reason there was greater animosity felt towards him than any of the others, except old Brown and Cook. He received several wounds in the skirmish, and it was thought he could not survive them.

In consequence of those injuries he was one of the last put on trial and executed. He was said to be a believer in Spiritualism. He was the one who was so badly wounded from the "Gault House," and who was taken to Fouke's Hotel.

Edwin Coppie was a young man aged about twenty-four years, about five feet six inches in height, compactly built, and of a florid complexion. He was a very handsome young man, and for various reasons great sympathy was felt for him by many. He was not wounded in the engagement, but was taken a prisoner by the Marines from the Engine House. He was said to be from Iowa, where his widowed mother, a pious old lady, belonging to the Society of Friends, resided. After his conviction a petition, numerously signed, was forwarded to the Governor of Virginia, requesting executive clemency in his case. It was not successful, however, as he was executed as before mentioned. In conversation with a citizen of Harper's Ferry, who visited him in his cell, he remarked that when he left his home in Iowa, he had no intention of entering on any expedition like the one against Harper's Ferry, but he confessed that his object was to induce slaves to leave their masters, and to aid them to escape.

Of Barclay Coppie little is known beyond the fact of his being Edwin's brother. He was with Owen Brown and Cook on the Maryland side and was never captured. It is said that he was killed some years ago in Missouri by a Rail Road accident.

Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, was a man about five feet eleven inches in height, raw boned and muscular. His hair was red and his eyes were of a muddy brown, and of a very unpleasant expression. He had high cheek bones, and had lost one tooth in front of his mouth. He was very roughly dressed on the day of the raid, and in every sense of the word, he looked like an "ugly customer." He made his escape from Harper's Ferry on the evening of the 17th, about the time that Brown withdrew his force into the Engine House, but was afterwards captured in Pennsylvania and executed with Stevens. His age was about thirty-three years.

John E. Cook was a young man about twenty-eight years of age, about five feet eight inches in height, but as he stooped a good deal, he did not appear to be so tall. He had fair hair and bright blue eyes, and was, on the whole, quite an intelligent look-

ing man. He had, as before remarked, resided several years at Harper's Ferry, and had become acquainted with all the young men of the place, by whom he was regarded as a pleasant companion. He was respectably connected, and the Governor of Indiana (Willard) was his brother-in-law. On his trial, Mr. Voorhees, now so prominent in the West as a politician, made a speech for the defence, which is regarded as one of his best efforts. Cook was a native of Connecticut.

Little is known of Stuart Taylor. He was a man of low stature, with red hair. He was one of those bayoneted by the Marines in the Engine House, and he was dragged dead from that building at the same time that Brown was removed.

Of Lehman, who was killed on a rock in the Potomac, while endeavoring to escape, and Thompson, who was shot at the bridge, little is known. The author was never close enough to Lehman to be able to describe his person, and he was so mutilated when removed for burial that he had lost his natural appearance, and the author can get no reliable description of his person. Thompson appeared to be about thirty years of age, of low stature, and fair complexion.

John, or (as he is sometimes called Henrie) Kagi, is said to have been a remarkably fine looking man, with a profusion of black hair, and a flowing beard of the same color. He was about thirty years of age, tall and portly, and he did not display the same ferocity that the others exhibited. He was Secretary of War under Brown's Provisional Government, and held the rank of Captain. He is supposed to have been a native of Ohio. He was shot in the Shenandoah, near the Rifle Factory.

Of Charles P. Tydd little is known. It is said that he used to peddle books through the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry before the Raid. As far as ascertained, he did not appear in the fray, but escaped from Maryland to parts unknown. It is said he was a native of Maine.

Respecting the identity of Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson there is a doubt, as in the case of the Browns. One of them was killed by the Marines, but what became of the other is unknown. The man who was killed by the Marines was about thirty years of age, of middle stature, with very black hair and dark complexion. He was supposed, by some, to be a Canadian mulatto. He received

three or four bayonet stabs in the breast and stomach, and when he was dragged out of the Engine House to the flagged walk in front, he was yet alive and vomiting gore from internal hemorrhage. While he was in this condition a farmer, from some part of the surrounding country, came up to him and viewed him in silence, but with a look of concentrated bitterness. Not a word did he speak, thinking, no doubt, that no amount of cursing could do justice to his feelings. He passed on to another part of the yard, and did not return for a considerable time. When he came back, Anderson was still breathing, and the farmer addressed him thus: "Well, it takes you a h-ll of a long time to die." If Anderson had vitality enough left in him to hear this soothing remark, it must have contributed greatly to smooth his way to the unknown land of disembodied spirits. After death, also, this man Anderson appeared to be marked out for special honors and the most marked attentions. Some physicians from the Valley of Virginia picked him out as a good subject for dissection, and *nem. con.* they got possession of his body. In order to take him away handily, they procured a barrel and tried to pack him into it. Head-foremost they rammed him in, but they could not bend his legs so as to get them into the barrel with the rest of his body. In their endeavors to accomplish this feat, they strained so hard that the man's bones, or sinews, fairly cracked. The praise-worthy exertions of these sons of Galen, in the cause of science and humanity, elicited the warmest expressions of approval from the spectators. The writer does not know what disposition they finally made of him.

Dolph Thompson was quite a boy, and appeared to be an unwilling participant in the transaction. He was seen by not more than two or three citizens, and it is supposed that he escaped early on the 17th. He had fair hair and a florid complexion.

Dangerfield Newby was a tall, well built mulatto, aged about thirty years, with a pleasing face. He was shot and killed at the Arsenal gate, by somebody in Mrs. Butler's house, opposite. He was killed about 11 o'clock, A. M., on Monday, and he lay where he fell until the afternoon of Tuesday. The bullet struck him in the lower part of the neck and went down into his body; the person who shot him being in a position more elevated than the place where Newby was standing. From the relative position of the

parties, the size of the bullet, or some other circumstance, the hole in his neck was very large, and the writer heard a party remark that he believed *a smoothing iron had been shot into him*. Shortly after his death a hog came rooting about him, apparently unconscious, at first, that it was a lord of creation that lay there. The hog after a while paused and looked attentively at the body, then snuffed around it, and finally put its snout to the man's face. Suddenly the brute was seized with a panic, and with bristles and tail erect it scampered away as if for life. This display of sensibility was very creditable to THAT hog, but soon a drove of the same genus crowded 'round the dead man, none of which appeared to be actuated by the same generous impulse as the first. The pertinacity with which death holds on to a dead African is so well known that it has become proverbial; but the King of Terrors himself could not exceed those hogs in zealous attention to the defunct Newby. They tugged away at him with might and main, and the writer saw one run its snout into the wound and drag out a stringy substance of some kind, which he is not anatomist enough to call by its right name. It appeared to be very long or very elastic, as it reached fully three yards from the man's neck; one end being in the hog's mouth and the other some where in the man's body. This circumstance could not fail to improve the flavor and enhance the value of pork at Harper's Ferry the next winter.

Shields Greene was a negro of the blackest die; small in stature and very active in his movements. He seemed to be very officious, flitting about from place to place, and was evidently conscious of his own extra importance in the enterprize. It is supposed that it was he who killed Mr. Boerley. He was aged about thirty years.

John Copeland was a mulatto of medium size and about twenty-five years of age. He represented himself as being from Ohio.

Lewis Leary, a mulatto, was mortally wounded at the Rifle Factory and died in a cooper's shop on the "Island." He was a young man, but his personal appearance cannot be described, as he was suffering great agony, and, of course, did not present his natural appearance.

One of Mr. Washington's negroes, who had been taken prisoner with his master, the previous night, was drowned while endeavoring to escape from his captors. He was an unwilling participant

in the transaction, and no blame was attached to him by the people.

Heywood Shepherd, the first man killed by Brown's party, was a very black negro, aged about forty-four years. He was uncommonly tall, measuring about six feet five inches, and was a man of great physical strength. He was free, but in order to comply with a law then existing in Virginia, he acknowledged 'Squire Beckham as his master. The relation of master and slave, however, existed only in name between them, and Heywood accumulated a good deal of money and owned some property in Winchester. He was a married man and left several children.

It is supposed by many that the killing of this man, alone prevented a general insurrection of the negroes. Many of the farmers in the neighborhood say that they noticed an unusual excitement among their slaves on the Sunday before the Raid. If it be true that the negroes knew anything of the intended attack, it is probable they were deterred from taking a part by seeing one of their race, the first man, sacrificed.

Thomas Boerley, the second man killed, was a native of the county of Roscommon, in Ireland. As before remarked, he was a man of great physical strength and was noted for "pluck." He measured about six feet, and weighed over two hundred pounds. He was a blunt, straight forward man in his dealings, and was very popular on account of his love of fun. His age was about forty-three years. He was married and left three children. The State of Virginia granted a small pension to his widow, but the War breaking out shortly after, she never yet received it. Mr. Boerley kept a store, and was in very comfortable circumstances.

George Turner, the third man killed, was a very fine looking man, aged about forty years. It is said that he was educated at West Point, but for this the writer has no certain authority. He was unmarried and left a good deal of property.

Fountain Beckman, the fourth man killed, was, like the others, a tall, powerfully built man. His age was about sixty. As before mentioned, he had been for many years a magistrate of the county and the agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road at Harper's Ferry. At the time of his death he was Mayor of the town. He was a widower, and two sons and a daughter survived him. Mr. Beckham was, in many respects, a remarkable man. It is said that he was the best magistrate that Jefferson county ever possessed,

his decisions being always given with a view to the justice of the cases, and, in many instances, being marked with great shrewdness and soundness of judgment. On the other hand he was sometimes very whimsical, and some rich scenes used to be enacted between him and Heywood. The 'Squire would sometimes give unreasonable or contradictory orders to his servant, who never hesitated on such occasions to refuse obedience; and it was no uncommon thing to see Heywood starting out from the Rail Road office, with his bundle on his back, en route for Winchester, and swearing that he would never serve the 'Squire another day. He never proceeded very far, however, before he was overtaken by a message from the 'Squire bringing proposals for peace, and Heywood never failed to return. A strong attachment existed between these two men through life, and in death they were not separated. Mr. Beckham's death was mourned as a public loss, for, with many oddities of manner, he was a very kind hearted man and a good citizen.

Luke Quinn, the fifth man killed, was a private soldier in the Marine service. He was a native of Ireland, and quite a young man. Nothing else is known concerning him.

The nine citizens confined as hostages in the Engine House were as follows: Lewis W. Washington and John Alstadt, Planters; John E. P. Dangerfield, Paymaster's clerk; A. M. Ball, Master Machinist; Benjamin Mills, Master Armorer; John Donohoo, Assistant Agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road at Harper's Ferry; Terence Burns, a farmer residing in Washington county, Maryland; Israel Russell, Merchant; and a Mr. Shope, of Frederick city, Maryland, who happened to be at Harper's Ferry that day on a business visit.

Lewis W. Washington is a very fine looking man of about fifty years of age, with that unmistakable air that always accompanies a man of true patrician birth and education. He is the soul of hospitality, and Cook used to visit him frequently for the ostensible purpose of contending with him in pistol shooting, an accomplishment for which they were both famous. Mr. Washington, on those occasions, used to exhibit the sword and other relics of his great namesake and kinsman, and thus it was that Cook and his friends gained such an intimate knowledge of his household arrangements, as enabled them to capture him without difficulty.

and discover where the relics were stored. Cook was always hospitably entertained whenever he visited Mr. Washington, and the ingratitude manifested towards that gentleman was perhaps the worst feature of the whole transaction, and not to be excused for the moral effect that the capture might be expected to secure. Mr. Washington, it is said, exhibited a great deal of the dignity and calmness which characterized his illustrious kinsman, and his fellow captives yet speak of his remarkable coolness under the trying circumstances of his situation.

Mr. Washington had several narrow escapes from death while in the hands of the "Philistines." About the time Mr. Beckham was killed Brown was sitting on the engine near the Engine House door, rifle in hand, apparently watching an opportunity to make a good shot. He fingered his rifle like a person playing on a violin, and Mr. Washington approached him for the purpose of inquiring if he had ever learned to play on that instrument. As Mr. Washington came near Brown, a bullet from the outside whistled immediately over the head of the latter, penetrated through the handle of an axe that was suspended on the engine, and passed through Mr. Washington's BEARD into the wall near him, sprinkling brick dust all over him. Brown coolly remarked, "that was close," and Mr. Washington, postponing his intended question, moved a little to one side, when he entered into conversation with Mr. Mills, another prisoner. Their faces were not four inches apart, yet through this narrow passage another bullet whistled, and Mr. Washington, finding one place as safe as another, continued his conversation with Mr. Mills.

Mr. Washington at that time owned a dog of very eccentric habits and unamiable disposition. He made it a point to visit, several times every day, the laborers on the plantation, and if there were several parties of them, he would visit each in turn and eye the negroes suspiciously, after which he would return to his bed, which was in front of the main entrance to the house. He never made any freedom with any person, not even with his master, who frequently, but in vain, tried to get him to follow him 'round the plantation. His morose disposition, and the jealous eye he always kept on the negroes, gave rise to a belief that in him was the disembodied soul of some defunct plantation overseer, who, with the ruling passion strong AFTER death, continued to exercise his favor-

ite avocation. On the night of Mr. Washington's capture, however, his whole nature appeared to undergo a change. He accompanied his master to Harper's Ferry, stuck closely to him all day on Monday, and when Mr. Washington was confined in the Engine House, his faithful though hitherto undemonstrative dog followed him into close captivity. Brown and his men tried to eject him, and even his master endeavored to induce him to go out, but in vain. When Mr. Washington was released he lost him in the dense crowd, but on reaching home, on Tuesday night, he found the metamorphosed overseer waiting for him at the gate, and exhibiting signs of the most extravagant joy at his safe return. After this the dog was regarded with more favor, and many of the negroes, from that time, rejected the former tale of transmigration as a slander on the faithful animal.

Mr. Alstadt is a gentleman of about sixty years of age, of very unassuming manners, and popular for his amiable disposition.

John E. P. Dangerfield is a gentleman of about fifty years of age and of a delicate constitution. He bore up very well, however, and when released by the Marines, his physical strength had not given way as his friends feared it would. He now resides in North Carolina.

A. M. Ball was a man about forty-six years of age. He was very corpulent, but notwithstanding his great bulk, his health was delicate. He died in June, 1861, of apoplexy.

Benjamin Mills was a man about fifty years of age, low in stature, but muscular and active. He moved shortly afterwards to Harrodsburg, Kentucky, where he had formerly resided.

John Donohoo is quite a good looking man, of about thirty-five years of age. He is a native of Ireland, but emigrated at a very early age to this country. He resided many years at Harper's Ferry, where he was highly respected for his integrity and business qualifications. He is now a merchant in some part of Pennsylvania or Maryland.

Terence Burns is a man of about forty-eight years of age. He resides near the Kennedy Farm, and unfortunately for him, was well known to Brown and his party. On the night of the Raid, they called at his house and took him along with them as a prisoner. He was probably their first captive. Mr. Burns is highly respected by all who know him.

Israel Russell is a man of nearly sixty years of age. He was for many years a magistrate of Jefferson county, and was always greatly respected. He now resides in Loudoun county, Virginia.

Of Mr. Shope little is known at Harper's Ferry. As before remarked, he resides in Frederick city, Maryland.

It is somewhat singular that the above mentioned gentlemen displayed little or no vindictiveness towards Brown. The writer has frequently remarked, in conversation with those men, that they invariably dwelt on his extraordinary courage, and that the animosity, which it was natural they should feel on account of the great danger to which Brown exposed them, was lost in admiration for his daring, though misguided, bravery. Mr. Donohoo, it is said, visited Brown in prison, and very much to his credit, exhibited to his fallen foe a generosity characteristic of the man himself, and the gallant nation of his birth.

The history of the Brown Raid should not close without notice of another party who figured somewhat curiously in that memorable transaction. At that time there lived at Harper's Ferry a half-witted fellow named John Molloy, who managed to live by getting scraps of broken bread and meat from the kitchens of the people, in return for services rendered in carrying water from the town pump and the river. He was never known to sleep in a house, a doorstep answering all the purposes of a bed, and a store box being regarded by him as a positive luxury. When drunk, (which was as often as he could get whiskey enough,) he had a particular liking for a sleep on the Rail Road track, and as a consequence was run over several times by the cars, but it appeared as if nothing could kill him. On one occasion the point of a "cow-catcher" entered his neck, and he was pushed by the engine a considerable distance. Even this did not kill him, but several ugly scars remained as mementoes of the adventure. Like others, he was taken prisoner by Brown and confined in the Armory yard. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the alarm had spread and people crowded in from the surrounding country, armed with every species of weapon they could lay their hands on, John managed to escape by climbing the wall. When he was seen on the wall, the citizens supposed he was one of Brown's men and everybody blazed away at him. A perfect shower of bullets whistled 'round him, and his clothes, never in the best of repair, were almost shot off his body.

No less than twenty bullets perforated his clothing, but, strange to say, he escaped without a scratch, and succeeded in regaining his liberty. When, after the Raid, strangers used to visit the scene, John always made it a point to be about, exhibiting the scars which he received from the "cow-catcher," and attributing them to wounds inflicted by Brown's party. Many a dollar did John receive on the strength of those wounds, and, no doubt, he has figured in many a tourist's book as a hero and a martyr. His escape from the bullets of his friends was certainly miraculous, and it goes to prove the truth of the old proverb of "A fool for luck," &c.

This is the Brown Raid, so called; an invasion which may be considered as the commencement of our unhappy Civil War. It, of course, created intense excitement all over the land, and the feeling then aroused never entirely subsided until the election of Mr. Lincoln, in November, 1860, renewed the quarrel on a greater scale. Thus Harper's Ferry enjoys the distinction of having been the scene of the first act in the fearful drama, and, as will be seen hereafter, it was the theatre of many another part of the dreadful tragedy.

CHAPTER V.

DURING THE WAR.

When, on the election of Mr. Lincoln, the Gulf States seceded and the Legislature of Virginia called a convention of the people, to consider what course was best to be pursued under the circumstances, Mr Barbour and Mr Logan Osborn were elected to the convention on the Union ticket, in Jefferson county, over Andrew Hunter and William Lucas, secessionists. While in Richmond, attending the convention, however, Mr. Barbour is said to have been drawn into the vortex of secession, through the powerful influences brought to bear by the secessionists on the members of that body. The ordinance of secession was passed by the convention on the 17th of April, 1861, and on the following day Mr. Barbour made his appearance at Harper's Ferry, in company with

Mr. Seddon, afterwards prominent in the government of the Confederacy. He made a speech to the people, advising them to co-operate with their native State and give in their adhesion to the new Confederacy. This speech excited the anger of the people to a high pitch, as he had received their suffrages on the understanding that he was for the Union unconditionally. A partial riot took place, and the appearance of a southern soldier (a young man named John Burk) on guard over the telegraph office, aroused the people to frenzy.

Lieut. Jones with forty-two regular United States soldiers was then stationed at Harper's Ferry, a company having been kept there by the Government, for the protection of the place, since the Brown Raid. Hearing that a large force was marching from the South to take possession of the armory, he made some preparations to defend the place, and called on the citizens for volunteers. Many responded, prominent among whom was a gigantic Irishman, named Jeremiah Donovan, who immediately shouldered a musket and stood guard at the armory gate. This man was the first (at least in this region) who took up arms in defence of the Government, and as will be seen shortly, he was very near paying a heavy penalty for his patriotism. As before mentioned, a southern soldier was on guard at the telegraph office, and he and Donovan were not fifty yards apart. 'To use a homely phrase, Harper's Ferry was "between hawk and buzzard," a condition in which it remained 'till the war was ended, four years afterwards. Mr. George Koonce, a man of great activity and personal courage, was very prompt in volunteering his aid to Lieutenant Jones, and the latter put great confidence in him. With a few young men, Mr. Koonce advanced to meet the Virginia Militia, about two thousand in number, who were marching towards Harper's Ferry from Charlestown. He encountered and, it is said, actually halted them on Smallwood's Ridge, near Bolivar. At this moment, however, news reached Mr. Koonce that Lieutenant Jones, acting on orders from Washington, or under direction from Captain Kingsbury, who had been sent from the Capital the day before, to take charge at Harper's Ferry, had set fire to the armory and arsenal, and with his men retreated towards the North. This left Mr. Koonce in a very awkward position, but he, with the few under his command, succeeded in escaping in the darkness. Mr.

Koonce was obliged to leave the place immediately, and keep away until the town again fell into the hands of the Government troops. A thick column of smoke, arising from the direction of Harper's Ferry, gave to the Confederate force information of the burning, and they proceeded at "double quick" to save the machinery in the shops and the arms in the arsenal, for the use of the Confederacy. Before they reached Harper's Ferry, the citizens had extinguished the fire in the shops and saved them and the machinery. The arsenal, however, was totally consumed, with about fifteen thousand stand of arms there stored, a very serious loss to the Confederates, who had made calculations on getting possession of them.

Just at 12 o'clock on the night of April 18th, 1861, the Confederate forces marched into Harper's Ferry. Poor Donovan was seized and, it is said, that a rope was put 'round his neck by some parties of southern views, for the purpose of hanging him. A better feeling, however, prevailed, and Donovan was permitted to move to the North and seek employment with the Government of his choice. The Virginians, into whose hands Donovan luckily fell, were the most tolerant of the Confederates. Had he fallen into the hands of the soldiers from the Gulf States, that came on in a few days, he would not have escaped so easily. These latter were near lynching Dr. Joseph E. Clegget and Mr. Solomon V. Yantis, for their Union opinions. The Virginia militia were commanded by Turner Ashby, afterwards so famous for his exploits in the Valley of Virginia.

Harper's Ferry now ceased for a time to be in the possession of the Government. The place was occupied for nearly two months by the Confederates. The splendid machinery at the work shops was taken down and transported to Fayetteville, North Carolina, where the Confederates had established an armory. While the place was occupied by the insurgents, it presented a scene novel at the time, but very familiar for years after. What transpired is known to all, and has been recorded in many histories of far greater pretensions than the present. These occurrences belong to the history of the WAR rather than that of HARPER'S FERRY. It may be mentioned, however, that General Harney, of the United States Army, was seized there one night, on a train of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, while he was

on his way from St. Louis to Washington, and conveyed a prisoner to Richmond.

On the 14th of June, the Confederates blew up the Rail Road bridge, burned the main armory buildings, and retreated up the Valley. Quiet reigned for a few days, but shortly after a considerable force returned and destroyed the Rifle Factory and the Shenandoah bridge.

On the 4th of July, a lively skirmish took place between Captain Henderson's company of Confederate Cavalry and a party of the 9th New York Regiment, stationed at Sandy Hook. The Federals being on the Maryland and the Confederates on the Virginia side of the river, the game was at "long taw," and consequently little damage was done: one man was killed on the Maryland shore, and, at least, one man wounded on the Virginia side. In the evening a melancholy occurrence took place, whereby we lost one of our very best citizens. After the skirmish was over, Mr. F. A. Roeder walked towards the Rail Road office, and while he was sauntering about, a shot was fired from the Maryland Heights, which inflicted a mortal wound on him, of which he died in about two hours. Mr. Roeder was a German by birth, but had resided a great many years at Harper's Ferry, where he was always held in the highest estimation.

When General Patterson retreated from Charlestown, (July 21st) his army occupied the place for several days, and helped themselves to most of what was left in the town. Whatever may be said of their achievements in the field, their exploits in the foraging line are certainly worthy of the highest encomiums. When the army left, quiet again reigned for a short time, 'till, on the 16th of October, a brisk skirmish took place between a small force under Colonel, afterwards General, Geary and a body of militia under Colonel Ashby. The battle took place on Bolivar Heights, and is hence known as "the battle of Bolivar." Both sides claimed the victory, but both retreated, Geary to Maryland and Ashby up the Valley. Four or five Federals lost their lives in this skirmish, but the loss of the others is unknown. In a few days after this, a party of Confederates entered the town and burned the extensive flour mill of A. H. Herr, thereby inflicting an irreparable loss on the people. From this time the town was visited nightly by scouts from both sides, and one morning, during the

Winter, two parties encountered each other. The Federal scouts had entered a skiff to return to Maryland, when they were fired on by the Confederates, and one of them, named Rohr, was killed; another, named Rice, threw himself into the river, and by his dexterity in swimming, and by keeping under the cover of the boat, he managed to save his life and escape to Maryland.

The killing of Rohr was the cause of another calamity to Harper's Ferry. Colonel Geary, or some of his subordinates, became highly incensed at the death of this man, who was a favorite scout, and immediately sent a detachment of troops to destroy that part of the town in which the Confederates were accustomed to conceal themselves to watch or annoy the Federals on the Maryland shore. This they faithfully accomplished, destroying, by fire, the fine Hotel, and all of that portion of the town between the armory and the Rail Road bridge. This certainly must be considered a wanton destruction of property, as the Rail Road buttresses, or even the ruins of the burnt buildings, furnished enough of shelter for spies or sharp-shooters.

All the winter Harper's Ferry presented a scene of the utmost desolation. All the inhabitants had left, except a few old men and women, who ventured to protect their homes, or who were either unable or unwilling to leave the place and seek for new associations. Thus matters continued until the night of the 22nd of February, 1862, when General Banks made a forward move in conjunction with General Shields, who proceeded up the Valley from the neighborhood of Paw-Paw tunnel, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road, between Martinsburg and Cumberland. General Banks sent a detachment across the river at Harper's Ferry in advance of the main body of his troops. They crossed in skiffs, and their object was to aid in laying a Pontoon bridge. With them was a man, named James Stedman, a native of Harper's Ferry, who acted as guide. The night was very stormy, blowing a gale down the Potomac, through the gorges of the Blue Ridge. Stedman and five soldiers of the 28th Pennsylvania Regiment were in one skiff, when, through the severity of the gale or mismanagement, the skiff was upset, and all six were cast into the icy waves. They were all drowned, and their bodies were never recovered. From that time 'till Banks retreated from Winchester. (May 25th, 1862,) the town was held by the

Federals. When Banks was pursued to the Potomac, at Williamsport, a portion of the Confederate forces marched towards Harper's Ferry, and the garrison there, with all the citizens of Union proclivities, crossed over to Maryland. The Confederates, however, approached no nearer than Halltown, about four miles from Harper's Ferry, and in a day or two retreated up the Valley. The town continued to be the base of supplies for the armies of Shields, Banks and Fremont, while they were operating against Jackson in the Valley, until after the second battle of Manassas, General Lee decided to invade Maryland. It was then under the command of Colonel Miles. He had a force, which, including a large number under Colonel Tom Ford, of Ohio, posted on the Maryland Heights, amounted to twelve thousand. When General Lee, with the main body of the Confederate army, crossed the Potomac and marched on Frederick, General Jackson, with General A. P. Hill, attacked Harper's Ferry with a strong force. The siege commenced on Friday, September 12th, by the Confederates opening with some batteries from the Loudoun Heights. These were replied to by the Federal batteries on the Maryland Heights, which position was attacked in the rear by a portion of the Confederate army, then in Maryland. The extreme right of the Confederate army and the left of the Federals, approached very near to the north-eastern slope of those Heights, and Colonel Ford was attacked by a strong body detached for that purpose. A desultory, though destructive musketry fire was kept up all day on Saturday, September 13th, and thus Colonel Ford was placed, as he thought, in a very dangerous position. It is supposed that the force attacking him in the rear were South Carolinians, as after the surrender many graves were found with head boards bearing the names of soldiers from South Carolina. The bombardment of Harper's Ferry continued in the meantime, at intervals, until Colonel Ford abandoned his position on the Maryland Heights, and shut himself up in Harper's Ferry. His conduct on this occasion has been severely criticized, and indeed he was cashiered for misconduct. His judges, no doubt, knew more of the circumstances of the case than any civilian, but the writer can vouch that he saw, on several occasions during the War, what appeared to him to be greater mismanagement on the part of others, when nothing was said or done in condemnation.

The abandonment of the Maryland Heights was, of course, a virtual surrender of Harper's Ferry. On Monday morning, September 15th, therefore, the Federal flag was lowered and the garrison surrendered, with all their arms and stores. Colonel Miles was killed by a shell immediately after giving the order for surrender, and his death saved him, in all probability, from a fate still worse to a soldier. Great indignation was felt at what was called his treason or timidity, and had he lived, his conduct, no doubt, would have been the subject of a strict investigation, as in the case of Colonel Ford.

Before the surrender, a small body of Federal Cavalry made a gallant charge and succeeded in making their escape, capturing and destroying an ammunition train, belonging to the Confederates, and effecting a junction with McClellan's army, then in position on the Antietam.

After the surrender, General Jackson marched towards Shepherdstown, and arrived at General Lee's position in time to take part in the great battle of the 17th of September. He left General A. P. Hill in command at Harper's Ferry, and he too departed the next day, and as well as Jackson, effected a junction with Lee's main army, in time to aid in the decisive conflict.

The surrender of Harper's Ferry, though a great event of the War, was not as important to the people of the place as others of less national interest. There was no very hard fighting, little loss of life, and no injury to the property of the citizens. While the siege was in progress, the battle of South Mountain was fought, September 14th, and on the 17th of the same month took place the murderous battle of Antietam. Both battle grounds are very near the town, and the thunders of artillery and the roll of musketry could be distinctly heard from those famous fields. When Lee retreated, the place was occupied by General McClellan, with his whole army, until late in November, when he marched farther South. To a person standing on Camp Hill, (the ridge which divides Harper's Ferry from Bolivar) on a calm, dark night, during this period, nothing could exceed the beauty of the scene presented by the encampments. Myriads of lights and camp fires lit up the Bolivar Heights and the intervening valley, while the Maryland Heights were equally aglow. The bands of the various regiments frequently regaled the people

with their music, and nothing that sight or sound could do to stir the imagination was wanting. When General McClellan proceeded South he left a strong garrison, and the place was occupied, without interruption, by the Federal army, 'till the second invasion of the North by General Lee, in June, 1863. All this time, however, as all through the War, the roads leading from Harper's Ferry to Leesburg, Winchester, Martinsburg and other places, were infested by guerrillas in the Confederate service. The most noted of these was a youth, aged about twenty years, and named John Mobly. He was a poor boy, and before the War used to drive for a negro butcher, named Joe Hagan, who resided on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoah, and used to attend the Harper's Ferry market with his meat wagon. Mobly, at this time, was a lubberly, simple-looking boy, and the pert youths of the town used to tease him. He gave no indications at this time of the daring spirit that he afterwards exhibited; on the contrary, he appeared to be cowardly. When the War broke out, however, he joined a company of Confederate Cavalry raised in Loudoun county, and was detailed by his captain as a scout to watch the Federals at Harper's Ferry. With this roving commission, he, with a few others, ranged the neighborhood of Neirsville and Hillsborough and sometimes came within sight of Harper's Ferry. Like Dugald Dalgetty, he is said, while obeying the commands of his superiors, to have kept an eye to his own private interests. He was the terror of army sutlers and wagon masters, and he is said to have captured many rich prizes, displaying the most reckless daring and committing some cold-blooded murders. Like other "gentlemen of the road," however, he had his admirers, and many anecdotes are told of his forbearance and generosity. On the 5th of April, 1865, his career ended, by his being shot by a party of three soldiers, who lay in ambush for him. His body, with the head perforated by three bullets, was thrown across a horse's back, and conveyed in triumph to Harper's Ferry, where it was publicly exposed to view in front of Head Quarters.

When Gen. Lee a second time invaded the North, on his disastrous Gettysburg campaign, again did the place change masters; and when Gen. Lee a second time retreated, the re-occupation of Harper's Ferry by the Federals, was a matter of course. Again,

on the 4th of July, 1864, were the Federals driven out by a portion of General Early's forces, who penetrated into Maryland, and were, on the 9th of the same month, encountered by General Lew Wallace, at Monocacy Junction, about twenty-three miles east of Harper's Ferry, where a very sharp engagement took place, when the Federals retreated. On the 4th of July, while the Federals were evacuating Harper's Ferry, and some of them were at Sandy Hook, preparing to retreat farther into Maryland, one of them, partially intoxicated, went into the store of Mr. Egan, residing at that place, and asked for some tobacco, which he received. He refused, however, to pay for it, and on Mr. Egan's attempt to take the tobacco from him, a scuffle ensued. Mr. Egan succeeded in ejecting the soldier, and shut the door to keep him from re-entering. At this moment, the proprietor's only child, a very interesting girl of thirteen, noticed that the soldier's cap was on the floor, it having fallen off in the struggle. She raised the window, held out the cap, and called the soldier to take it, when the ruffian shot her dead instantly, the bullet from his piece entering her mouth and coming out at the back of her head. The lamented Colonel Mulligan, of the 23rd Illinois Regiment, happened to pass at the time, and had the brute put under arrest, but in the confusion of the following night he escaped, and was never afterwards seen in that region.

On the same day, a lady from North Mountain was killed, while standing on High street, at a point exposed to the fire, which was kept up from the Maryland Heights by the Federals. A colored woman was also killed on Shenandoah street, and a child mortally and a young lady seriously wounded in Bolivar. The lady killed on High street and the colored woman, received their death wounds from Minie bullets, and the Bolivar sufferers were wounded by pieces of a shell, which penetrated the house in which they were, and exploded in the midst of a family group. Another shell penetrated a Government house, occupied by Mr. Magraw, on High street, passed directly through it, and then penetrated the house of Mr. Alexander Kelly, where it stopped without exploding. A young lady was in the room when this unwelcome visitor intruded at Mr. Kelly's, but fortunately she received no injury.

While the Federal army was still disputing the possession of

Harper's Ferry with the Confederates, and keeping up a fire of artillery and musketry from the Maryland Heights, a singular accident took place in their midst. It will be remembered, that the State of Ohio, a short time before, furnished a force called "the hundred day men." A portion of these were doing duty on the Maryland Heights, on the present occasion. They were brave, but, as the following will show, inexperienced soldiers. A company of them were preparing dinner, and not having anything else convenient on which to build their fire, they procured from an ammunition wagon several large SHELLS, on which they piled their wood, which was soon in a blaze. Round the fire they all sat, each intent on watching his kettle, or sauce-pan. Soon a terrific explosion took place, which sent the pots and kettles flying over the tree tops, and sadder still, killed and wounded quite a large number of the men. This is one instance of hundreds, which the writer saw during the War, of incredible recklessness produced by the excitement of the times; and great as the loss of life then was, it is wonderful that it was not much more extensive. While "the hundred day men" were stationed near Harper's Ferry, one of them presented himself to the commander of the post, a grim old warrior, that had seen a hundred battles, and had the reputation of being a martinet. On being asked what he wanted, he said he had a complaint to make of the commissary, who was treating him and his companions very shabbily. "Why, General," said the Ohioan, "would you believe it? we have been here ten days, and we have not had a bit of butter for our bread, nor a drop of milk for our coffee." The reader may imagine the wrath of the old campaigner. It is said to have been something appalling, and it is related that, about that time, a figure was seen to retreat hastily from the General's tent, fear and an uplifted boot giving an impetus to his flight.

After the Confederates had failed in their attempt on Washington and retreated, again, and for the last time, did the Federals get possession of the place. After the battle of Monocacy, General Sheridan was appointed to command in the Valley of Virginia, and his brilliant and successive victories over Early, about Winchester, saved Harper's Ferry, henceforth, from its accustomed alternation of masters. During the winter of this year, (1864) several military executions took place here. and, in-

deed, there is no phase of War that was not; at some time, experienced by this people. An idea may be formed of the many vicissitudes the place experienced, from the fact that the Rail Road bridge was destroyed nine times, and as many times retressed, from June, 1861, to the end of the War. Mr. Thomas N. Heskett, Assistant Master of Road for the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, superintended every time its reconstruction, and it is very creditable to him that, notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which he labored, and the hurry with which he was obliged to perform the work, no accident occurred to any of the thousands of Rail Road and wagon trains that passed over it during those years.

At every evacuation of the place, the wildest excitement pervaded the town, and scenes of terror were exhibited, mingled frequently with laughable occurrences. Few, however, at the time could command equanimity enough to appreciate the ludicrous sides of those pictures. A few days prior to a retreat, a vague rumor of approaching danger could be heard, and immediate preparations would be set on foot for a "skedaddle." As the enemy approached the excitement would increase, and finally a motley crowd of fugitives of every shade of color could be seen tramping along the turnpike road to Frederick, knee-deep in mud, or enveloped in dust, and stewing with heat, according to the season. The most perfect Republicanism existed among them, and a practical illustration of the equality of mankind was exhibited, when a wallet, well supplied with "hard tack" and Bologna sausages, or a bottle of whiskey, conferred a better title to nobility than a genealogy, that could be traced to the Norman conquest. "Uncle Jake" Leilich's Hotel, in Frederick, was the head-quarters of the fugitive Harper's Ferrians on those occasions; and assembled there, they continued to receive intelligence from Harper's Ferry about the movements of the "Rebs," until the danger had passed, and the Confederates had retreated up the Valley. Mr. Leilich deserves well of many a Harper's Ferrian, who got "strapped" on such occasions, and he is remembered by many with feelings of gratitude. Those retreats were called "skedaddles," a term invented at the time by some wag. The inventor, in all probability, was not aware that a similar word is used in Homer's Iliad to express the same idea, and it

the originator should at any time read those pages, or become aware of the coincidence by any other means, the information will, no doubt, afford him the liveliest satisfaction. It must be confessed, however, that the termination "daddle" is somewhat lacking in dignity, and such as would not be tolerated for a moment in Father Homer's sonorous verses. We would, therefore, suggest a correction in the next edition.

After the surrender of General Lee, at Appomattox, a garrison was left here, and for more than a year after the restoration of peace, were the shrill notes of the fife and the boom of the drum heard on our streets. It may, with truth, be said, that no place experienced more of the horrors of the War than this. The first act of the tragedy was performed on our streets, and at no time was Harper's Ferry off the stage 'till the curtain fell.

We will conclude this brief account of "Harper's Ferry during the War," by commenting on a fact, which, although it may be accidental, has certainly a strong significance for a reflecting mind. Of all the Government buildings in the armory enclosures before the War, the only one that has escaped destruction, during that fearful struggle, is John Brown's famous Engine House. Of the occurrence that gave fame to this little building, there can be only one opinion—that it was a foolish undertaking, and an unwarrantable aggression on the sovereignty of the State of Virginia, for which the aggressors paid a just penalty. On the other hand, it must be admitted, that slavery was not only an evil, but a disgrace to the "model Republic" of modern times, and this civilized century. Who knows, then, but that Providence selected this fanatical enthusiast, as its instrument in removing this anomalous stigma of slavery from the State that boasts of having given birth to Washington, and of containing his ashes, and from the highly favored nation that can *now*, at least, proudly call itself "the land of the Free?" The preservation of this building is certainly somewhat singular, and it takes but a small stretch of imagination to prophecy, that it will be the Mecca to which many a pilgrim of this and other lands will, in future years, journey, as to a shrine consecrated to liberty. John Brown was imprudent, and a violator of law, and as before remarked, he deserved the severest punishment for his invasion of a sovereign State, and his attempt at exciting a servile insurrection:

but he was *honest*, and it must be admitted, that he gave the strongest proof of sincerity, when he sacrificed his life and the lives of his children, for the cause he advocated. Of course, many will dissent from this opinion, especially in the South, if, indeed, any considerable number will peruse these unpretending pages; but certainly all must admit, that John Brown's Raid caused a revolution, the most extraordinary in the annals of this Globe, and one that showed the most unmistakable signs of Providential interposition.

CHAPTER VI.

SINCE THE WAR.

In 1862, Mr. Daniel J. Young, formerly Master Machinist at the Rifle Factory, was sent from Washington to take charge of the Ordnance at this place. In 1861, when the Confederates first took possession of Harper's Ferry, he managed to escape across the Potomac into Maryland, although he was closely watched, on account of his well known Union proclivities. Moreover, he was regarded as a first rate mechanic, and his services were eagerly sought for the new Confederacy. The writer was then employed at the Rail Road office, and one day Mr. Young presented himself to him, and in a whisper imparted his intention of escaping, if possible, enquiring, at the same time, what the chances were of getting smuggled off in the Rail Road cars. The writer promised to aid him, but Mr. Young managed to escape by some other means, before a chance offered itself on the Rail Road. In managing the Ordnance, he gave satisfaction to every officer who commanded at the post, and at the close of the War, he obtained, altogether by his own merit and the reputation he had gained, a commission of Captain in the regular army. He was left in charge of what property the Government still possesses here, and never had the Government a more faithful servant, nor the people of Harper's Ferry a better friend. As a matter of course, great poverty has prevailed here since the War. The only source of revenue the people had, (the armory) was destroyed, and the

direst distress has ever since been experienced. All that could be done to alleviate the sufferings of the people, Captain Young has done, and when he is removed, as he certainly must, at no distant period, he will take with him the love and respect of thousands of friends, and better still, the blessings of the poor.

Last session of Congress, a bill was passed, providing for the sale of the Government property at Harper's Ferry. It will, no doubt, be eagerly purchased for manufacturing purposes, and then will, perhaps, commence material for another history. The future historian may handle the subject better than the present, but unless he goes back and narrates what has been told in this volume, he will hardly have as interesting a *subject*.

With reference to the sale of the Government property, it may be remarked, that there is a suit now pending before the United States Courts, in which Mr. Jacob Brown, of Charlestown, is Plaintiff, and Captain Young, as representative of the Government, Defendant. The object of the suit is to recover thirteen acres of land now in possession of the Government, which tract, including, as it does, the head of the Armory Canal, is of immense value. On what grounds Mr. Brown founds his claim, the writer knows not, except from rumor. It is believed that Mr. Brown claims that the description of the land, as given in the various deeds and wills, by which the property was transferred to Mr. Harper, from him to other parties, and by them to the Government, does not correspond with what the Government claims. Acting on this belief, Mr. Brown, some years ago, "entered" the portion which he now claims, and got a patent for it from the Land Registrar of the State of Virginia. Some years ago, he had a suit with the Government for possession of another tract, near the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, in which he was defeated. How far the uncertainty, respecting the issue of this suit, may tend to retard the sale of the Government interest at this place, is not known, but it is to be hoped that the Government will soon take some step that will relieve the people from the terrible state of uncertainty in which they have been placed for several years. Many persons at Harper's Ferry are anxious for a rebuilding of the armory, while many others prefer its being sold. All, however, of course, desire SOMETHING to be done, and it is to be hoped that, ere long, the

hann of industry will be heard in a place so admirably situated for its successful prosecution.

Notwithstanding the depressing circumstances of the times generally, and of this place in particular, there are some rays of light breaking through the gloom which, it is hoped, are the precursors of a bright day in the future. In July, 1867, A. H. Herr, a large manufacturer, and the proprietor of what is called "the Island of Virginins," sold his interest at Harper's Ferry to the enterprising firm of Childs & McCreight, of Springfield, Ohio. This property is beautifully situated on the Shenandoah, which bounds it on the south. On the north and east it is bounded by the canal, constructed to facilitate the navigation of the Shenandoah, and on the west by a waste of the canal, communicating with the river. The Island contains thirteen acres, on which were, before the War, twenty-eight neat dwellings, one flour mill, one cotton factory, one carriage factory, one saw-mill, one machine-shop, and one foundry. It will be remembered, that in October, 1861, shortly after the battle of Bolivar, a party of Confederates visited Harper's Ferry and destroyed the flour mill. From that time there was no business conducted on "the Island," until the sale of the property to the above mentioned firm. These gentlemen, having availed themselves of the talents of William F. Cochran, so well known for his thorough knowledge, theoretical and practical, of machinery, immediately commenced fitting up the Cotton Factory for a flour mill. A large force of men was kept in employment for about fifteen months, preparing the building and putting up the machinery, under the directions of Mr. Cochran. The machinery is of the most approved description, put in motion by four turbine wheels, the power being that of three hundred horses. There are ten runs of burrs, which will turn out five hundred barrels of flour daily. On the whole, it is represented, by adepts in the business, as a miracle of ingenuity, and it has added greatly to the already well established fame of Mr. Cochran. Messrs. Childs & McCreight, the proprietors of this desirable property, have won for themselves golden opinions among the people of Harper's Ferry, by their integrity and courteous demeanor, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with the success which their enterprize deserves. Of the twenty-eight dwellings on the Island, nearly all

are in excellent repair, and the work performed on them, as well as on the new flour mill, has given employment to many, who otherwise must have suffered from extreme destitution.

Many other improvements have also been made at Harper's Ferry since the close of the War, and gradually the traces of that fearful contest are disappearing. The Presbyterian Church was, during the War, put to the most ignoble purposes, the upper portion being used for a guard house, and the basement for a horse stable. The venerable Mr. Dutton, a gentleman of great piety and popularity, is now in charge of that congregation, and he has, by great exertions, succeeded in restoring the building to its pristine, neat appearance.

The Catholic Church has also been repaired, through the energy of the Rev. Mr. Kain, a young clergyman of great promise, who, as well as the Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, his assistant, is very popular with all classes and creeds in the community. They have established a classical and mathematical school, at the head of which is Mr. William Lynch, a very efficient teacher. The Rev. Mr. O'Keefe, however, gives this school great attention, and as that gentleman is understood to have been educated in Rome, and to have a thorough knowledge of the Italian, as well as several other modern languages, the advantages this school enjoys are apparent, and in consequence, it is very well patronized. Through the exertions of Father Kain, a fine bell has been purchased and suspended in the steeple, and its musical notes, at morning and evening, sound with a sweet solemnity through the lonely glens of the Blue Ridge, admonishing all who hear them, to pause and worship the Great Architect of the stupendous scenery that surrounds them.

The Methodist Protestants have erected a new church on Camp Hill, which is under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Stuart, a very amiable and talented young clergyman, who is very popular in the community. That denomination lost their church during the War, through the vandalism of soldiers of both armies, and the erection of a new church was a very heavy tax on the already diminished resources of the congregation. They have, however, succeeded in erecting a building, which adds very much to the appearance of the town, and will accommodate a large number of worshippers.

The Methodist Episcopal congregation, at Harper's Ferry, also lost their church during the War, and there is not a single trace of it left, but as there was another church belonging to the same denomination in Bolivar, which escaped destruction, they have not deemed it necessary to rebuild at Harper's Ferry. The congregation is under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Baker, a gentleman of eloquence and great popularity.

The Lutheran Church was used as an hospital during the War. It has been renovated since the restoration of peace, and it is now in excellent repair. There is no resident minister of this denomination at Harper's Ferry.

Some time ago a gentleman named Storer, residing in some part of New England, left a bequest of a large sum of money for the endowment of a college for the education of negroes. Harper's Ferry was chosen as the site for this institution, and a charter was obtained from the Legislature of West Virginia for it under the title of "Storer College." The trustees purchased the farm of Mr. William Smallwood, in Bolivar, and it was supposed that there the college would be erected. It is now understood that four of the best Government houses at the place, with a large tract of land, have been donated by the Government to "Storer College," and the trustees alone know where the site of the college will be. The people have no objection to this institution itself, but for some reason great dissatisfaction is felt and expressed among the citizens in regard to the subject. The writer does not propose to give any opinion about this matter, and merely mentions it as a part of the history of the place. The people held a meeting some time ago, and petitioned the State Legislature to revoke the charter, but the writer is not aware of any action being taken by that body on the subject. The Rev. Mr. Brackett, who is in charge of the negro schools, and is connected with the "Storer College" enterprise, is a courteous gentleman, and is highly respected by the people generally. Whatever the cause of the prejudice against the college, or the administration of its affairs may be, it does not appear to affect Mr. Brackett's PERSONAL popularity.

Messrs. Matthew Quinn, Daniel Ames and J. M. Decaulne have erected three splendid houses since the war. The lower floors of these houses are occupied as storerooms, and the upper

as dwellings. Mr. Murthagh Walsh has also erected a similar house on the site of the old and well-known Doran store, and a frame building (put up towards the close of the war) supplies the place of the old "Wager Hotel," destroyed by the Federal troops in 1862. The hotel is now managed by Mr. T. A. Kirwan, a young gentleman of courteous demeanor, and the house is very popular with the traveling public. To tourists desiring to visit the place, this hotel will be a desideratum. These buildings add greatly to the appearance of the town, and great credit is due to the enterprising men who erected them.

From the foregoing pages it will be seen that nature has done much for this place, and that industry and art improved its natural advantages till the frenzy of war was permitted to mar the beneficent designs of Providence and the labor of three-quarters of a century. The people desire that capitalists should visit the place and judge for themselves, and that every well-meaning man in the country should be informed of its ~~proper~~ condition, with a view of bringing such a pressure on Congress as will induce them to make some disposition of their property at this place, and open the way for private enterprise, if they do not choose to re-establish the armory. The sale of houses and lots in 1852 was made with the *bona fide* understanding that it was the intention of the Government to continue the manufacture of arms at the place, and although no person holds the Government responsible for the destruction of the armory, it is confidently hoped that a sense of humanity will induce Congress to SPEEDY ACTION FOR THE RELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.

ANECDOTES OF HARPER'S-FERRIANS.

HARD ON THE AUTHOR.

All men are prone to vanity, and the writer of the foregoing chronicles, it is to be presumed, has more or less of it, like "the rest of mankind." Notwithstanding this, he must admit that he is no Adonis, nay, more, he is homely. His figure is lank, and singularly deficient in *embonpoint*. His face is pale, and has too many salient points, to allow him any pretensions to beauty. During the War, he was in the employment of the Government, as forage-master. At this period, his lack of comeliness was still more apparent than at present, as, in addition to his natural deficiency of good looks, he was in bad health, and very poorly dressed—the nature of his employment, precluding the possibility of his keeping himself tidy. He used to carry a haversack, slung around him, to hold his forage orders, and other papers. At the best of times he is a little eccentric in his appearance, and with the accessories above mentioned, he used to impress strangers, generally, with the idea that he was an odd "genius." One day he was in very bad humor, something having gone wrong, as everything ran about that time. He encountered an Irishman, who thought he carried whiskey for sale in his haversack. Pat asks: "What have you got for sale in that wallet?" at the same time giving him a knowing wink. Your historian replied peevishly: "I have nothing for sale but myself, and if I can find anybody fool enough to buy me, he can have me at a bargain." "Oh! be dad," replied Pat, "you can soon find a market, if you are for sale, for I met an ould Dutchman, a while ago, buying up ould rags and bones." Your historian had business in another quarter about that time, and there was no farther conversation.

THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULD NOT THROW STONES.

There was once a Superintendent at Harper's Ferry armory, who professed to be a deadly enemy to whiskey drinking, although he could enjoy a "smile" himself, as well as the next

man. He, and another officer of the armory, agreed to send for a five gallon keg of pure Monongahela. The Superintendent's name was not to be known in the transaction, but the keg was to be consigned to the other gentleman, when they were to divide. About this time, one of the best mechanics in the armory got on a spree, which lasted several days. The Superintendent, true to his professions, discharged him. When the mechanic sobered off, he presented himself to the Superintendent, at his office, expressing regret, and promising to do better in the future. The Superintendent was inexorable, and addressed the culprit thus:—"Mr. L——, you are a good mechanic, and I am sorry to lose you, but I have made up my mind that no drinking man shall have employment in this armory. You can, therefore, consider yourself as finally dismissed." At this moment there was a knock at the door, and, on its being opened, the gentleman to whom the consignment was made, and who was partner in the transaction, presented himself, and said aloud: "Sir, the keg has come; I paid the freight on it, and I sent it to your house." A better feeling immediately came over the Superintendent, and turning to the offending mechanic, he said: "Mr. L——, you can go to work, but you must promise to drink no more whiskey." M. L—— did go to work, but he continued to get drunk, at intervals, until the day of his death. He did so with impunity, as long as the above mentioned Superintendent remained at Harper's Ferry, as the latter, no doubt, had a vivid recollection of the affair of the keg, and did not choose to have the subject revived.

A SERIES OF MISHAPS.

There lived once at Harper's Ferry an old gentleman of very peculiar habits. He was very courteous, especially to the ladies, unless when much excited by anger, when he became very abusive. He had a peculiar manner of speaking, stopping at every word, as if at a period, so that it would appear that every word with him was intended for a sentence. He was very fond of his "toddy," and when under its influence, he spoke with still greater hesitation, as if he was very anxious to be impressive, and was choosing his words with extra deliberation.

There is a certain street-crossing at Harper's Ferry, which, in

wet weather, is always very muddy. One of the Superintendents, therefore, caused three or four heavy blocks of circular stone to be placed at equal intervals across this place, for the accommodation of pedestrians. One evening, the subject of this anecdote, passed that way and stepped from block to block, getting across without soiling his shoes, although the crossing was very muddy at the time. After dark he returned, but having met some friends in the mean time, and imbibed freely, he did not make as sure a thing of it as at his first crossing. Being somewhat abstracted from the cause above mentioned, and it being very dark, instead of stepping *on* the stones he stepped *over*, and *between* them. Arrived on the other side, he thus soliloquized: "I—should—like—very—much—to—know—who—the—d——I—removed—those—grinding—stones—this—evening." Immediately after he ran against a cow, that was straying about the streets, and his vision not being good, he feared it might be a lady. He, therefore, took off his hat and apologized, by saying: "I—humbly—beg—your—pardon—Madam." Not receiving any reply, he looked more closely, and discovered what he had encountered, which did not improve his temper. In a few minutes he ran against an old lady, and being determined not to be fooled *this* time, he struck her with his umbrella, remarking: "I—wish—people—would—keep—their—infernal—old—cows—off—the—streets." It is said, that when he struck the old lady, he addressed to her some epithets, more forcible than elegant, and next day, when she complained to his wife of his conduct, he was obliged to make her a still more humble apology than he had made to the cow.

WAS HE HIMSELF OR SOMEBODY ELSE?

The following anecdote may, perhaps, be familiar to some of our readers. The writer saw it in print some years ago, but it was not credited to Harper's Ferry. As it is really our property, and as it claims the right to be inserted in our chronicles, we will publish it, at the risk of offending our readers, by telling them a stale joke.

Some years ago, there resided here an old chap, whom we will call Tom Brown, although that was not his real name. He owned a horse and cart, and used to do a good deal of hauling. One night as he was returning home, he fell asleep in his cart.

having imbibed a little more than his usual quantum. The horse stood still, and some of the "boys" passing that way, and seeing "the situation," concluded to play a prank on Uncle Tom. They disengaged the horse from the cart and led it to a neighboring shed, leaving the cart, with Tom in it. Some time in the night Tom woke up, and missed the horse. His intellect was somewhat confused by the potations of the day before and his subsequent sleep, and the absence of the horse tended still more to mystify him. He might have accounted for the circumstance on the hypothesis, that he had arrived at home the previous evening and stabled his horse, without his remembering it, but then what was HE doing in the cart, and how did it get to be so far from home? After some time spent in profound meditation on this problem, he gave it up, and in the absence of any better solution, concluded that he was not at all the man he supposed himself to be, or at least he considered it doubtful. He then soliloquized: "Am I Tom Brown, or am I not? If I AM Tom Brown, I have lost a horse, and if I AM NOT, I have made a cart." At what time in the morning he was able to establish his own identity, is not mentioned in the public records, but that he DID so, we have ample testimony in the fact, that next day he offered a reward for the discovery of the perpetrators of the joke.

A POLITICAL JANUS.

Some years ago, there were two mechanics at Harper's Ferry Armory—one an ardent Whig and the other a staunch Democrat. There was an important election close at hand, and, of course, frequent and heated arguments arose between the adherents of the two great parties, that at that time contended for the handling of the public purse. No two had more frequent discussions than those referred to, and although they were generally friendly enough towards each other, whenever the subject of politics was started, they were sure to "pitch into" one another unsparingly. One morning they had a very angry debate, and parted in high dudgeon. When they stopped work for dinner, the Democrat picked up a newspaper, with which he amused himself until the hour arrived for resuming work. In the paper he saw an account of a *Lusus Naturæ* that appeared somewhere. It was an infant born with two faces, one in front and the other at

the back of the head, like the representations of the God Janus we see on Roman medals. He read the account for several who were standing near, among whom was his friend, the Whig. "What a wonder!" exclaimed the Democrat, "a child with two faces!" "Oh!" said the Whig, "take good care of him, and try to raise him, for he'll make an excellent Locofoco."

DID NOT RECOGNIZE AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW GARB.

There is an old citizen at Harper's Ferry, who has resided there a great many years. He is very popular, on account of his genial disposition and love of innocent fun. He once owned a very fine cow, which he prized very highly, and fed regularly several times in the day. Some wags concluded to play a prank on him, and one night they painted the cow all over, of a color altogether different from the hue with which she was provided by Nature. In the morning, as usual, he provided a tub of slop for his pet, but was astonished that she did not make her appearance, as she was accustomed to do, in anticipation of a good breakfast. Instead of his, however, a strange cow presented herself, but was, of course, refused and driven off. She returned, and was again driven off. He started his servant to look for his own cow, but the colored boy returned, after several hours' search, with no tidings of the lost one. All this time the strange cow persisted in presenting herself before him, until he, getting angry, picked up a stick and BEAT her away, notwithstanding which, she WOULD return. At last he turned in and gave her a severe drubbing, so severe, indeed, that she CHANGED COLOR, the stick, at every application, removing some of the paint, for it was his own cow at last. Finally he beat her into her natural appearance, and thus recognized her. It has been many years since this occurred, but it is still "poked at him," and will be as long as he lives.

VALEDICTORY.

Gentle reader, who hast followed me through the foregoing pages, a word in thine ear. I feel that you and I are friends, and that we are connected by the strongest tie that can bind man to his fellow—self-interest and a reciprocity of favors. You have purchased MY book and replenished MY purse, and I have, it is hoped, added to YOUR stock of ideas. I will remark, that I heartily

wish you did not want the latter as much as I did the former, but if you did, I advise you to read my book again, or any other you can find. I feel so friendly to you, that I will tell you something of great importance. There was once a city situated, not BETWEEN two hills, like Harper's Ferry, but ON SEVEN. It was called Rome, and was fully as large and famous as Harper's Ferry. Like the latter, it rose, declined and fell, and now presents a melancholy picture of fallen grandeur. At one period of its existence, a great writer, named Livy, a citizen of Rome, wrote its history, and the few books of his writings that remain, go plainly to show that he did full justice to the subject. Most of his books are lost, however, and the literati, all over the world, have for centuries bewailed the loss. Would it not be well, then, to guard against such a calamity in the case of Harper's Ferry? It is hard to say what ruthless tribe of Goths or Vandals may make a raid some day and destroy your copy of the "Annals;" the same misfortune may befall your neighbors and posterity may be deprived of the exquisite pleasure you have enjoyed in reading my pages. I would counsel you then, to induce everybody you can, to purchase my book, so that in case of invasion, there may be as many chances as possible, for its being transmitted to future generations. But you may ask, like the Irishman, what has posterity done for you? I will anticipate the question and reply, by asking, what did you do for your ancestors? They furnished for you a Josephus, a Livy, a Gibbon, a Hume and a host of other famous historians. Will you then refuse to unborn generations the same boon that you received from your ancestors, and deprive them of the many advantages that a perusal of "the Annals" will be sure to afford, if you will do your duty? But I feel that I do you an injustice by the mere suspicion, and if I could recall what I have said, I would do so cheerfully. There is such a thing as too much zeal, however, and for the sake of humanity, I would suggest that you observe a little moderation in your demands for the book. Printers and Express Agents must eat and sleep, like other people, and I would be sorry to learn of anybody's being worked to death in supplying the demand, which I fear will be clamorous. This idea haunts me, and it is the only draw-back to the pleasure I feel in my anticipated triumph.





